

THE NAUTILUS.

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CONTENTS:

Editorials,	Elizabeth Towne,	7 to 10
And Satan Came also, (New Poem)	Marchesa Florence Alli-Maccarani,	11
Rates of Oscillation,	Prof. Edgar L. Larkin,	12
Small Marendra, A Worry Song,	Harriet Purdy Cochran,	14
How the "Meditations" Came to be Written,	Florence Morse Kingsley,	15
New Light on Immortality,	Wallace D. Wattles,	17
From What Source,	Eleanor Kirk,	19
Concentration and Relaxation,	Ellen Price,	21
The Nervous System of Jesus, (Chap. 7)	Salvarona,	24
Law of the Rhythmic Breath, (Chap. XVII)	Ella Adelia Fletcher,	26
Teaching Children,	Elizabeth Towne,	28
Going into the Silence,	Julia Seton Sears, M. D.,	31
How to Established Health and Harmony,	William E. Towne,	33
Netop Notes and Briefs,	William E. Towne,	33 to 36
The Word, (New Poem)	Minnie E. Hays,	36
New Thought in Buffalo,	Florence Fox,	37
Mothers' Opportunities,	Rose Woodallen Chapman,	39
Things That Make for Success,		42
The Family Counsel,		43
Circle of Whole-World Healing,		44
Beauty, Duty and Love, (New Poem)	Sarah Martyn Wright,	44
Auent Books and Things,		45

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THE NAUTILUS.

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These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1906-7.
Others
Coming!

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IN THE BEGINNING!

DISEASE WAS UNKNOWN

MAN didn't live in houses, and therefore breathed pure, fresh air *all* the time, instead of *sometimes* or "regularly." (He lived in tropical climates, by the way.)

He didn't eat too much, to thus cause such trouble for himself as we haven't room here to even commence telling you about. There was no temptation to do so, because the *pleasure* of eating ceased when his body's demands were satisfied, just as with wild animals now. The pleasure ceased because his food was *just* what his body needed at the time, and not *mixed* so as to make him have to eat a lot unrequired to get a little required. Overeating means starvation!

He didn't cook his food; fire wasn't discovered then. But neither did he eat raw turnips, for instance. For the same reason he didn't eat meat.

You wouldn't like it raw, would you? Likewise he couldn't do many other things impossible without fire.

He didn't use alcohol, tobacco, tea, or coffee. He couldn't prepare them as we do, and his appetite wasn't depraved enough to enjoy them.

He didn't use street cars and other contrivances to deprive him of his needed exercise. His limbs brought him where he went—and besides, he was quite an adept at tree-climbing.

He didn't wear clothes, and so the air was *always* in contact with his skin, and the sunshine frequently. Imagine a plant or flower dressed in clothes all day and covered up at night, and you'll see the point.

He didn't know he had a stomach or a heart or liver—the lower animals still don't. We shouldn't wonder if some of the domesticated ones are learning, though.

DID IT HURT? He didn't and did do lots of other things that "civilized" men and women are and are not doing.

IN THE BEGINNING

wild animals lived just as they live now—and they are still **DISEASE-FREE. SEE THE MORAL?**

If you're sick or abnormal in any way (or rather if you've realized it) and the hints didn't sink in, don't write us—you're hopeless; but if you're interested send a postal (4-cent stamp if times are good) for our **FREE BOOK, "HEALTH FROM NATURE,"** in which you'll find further remarks on the subject. We'll also send you a few remarks from among thousands that pleased patients have sent us, which all are guaranteed genuine. If we can't prove them so, **THERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN IT FOR YOU.** That's our guarantee, and we're not taking any risk of losing it. **OF COURSE,** we don't mean that *all* the things named are particularly harmful. The book will tell you what we *do* think.

IF YOU LET US ADVISE YOU, WE WON'T urge you to go about nude (we'd like you to, at least on warm days, but haven't time to be locked up as nuisances). **WE DON'T** ask you to give up your occupation, or interfere with it at all. **WE DON'T** ask you to eat your food raw, unless you want to, nor even to stop eating meat if you're particular about it. In short, **WE WON'T** ask you to become primitive again. It wouldn't be sociable or pleasant or convenient, **AND** it is not necessary. Lastly, **WE WON'T MENTION DRUGS** except in disdain, maybe.

WE WILL show you how to eliminate from your life those things that are doing you most harm and prevent your being as well as the healthiest people you know. **WE WILL,** for instance, show you how to select your food in accordance with your body's needs, and so that you will not be tempted to overeat, and develop your appetite so that things that aren't good for you won't taste good. **WE WILL** show you what foods will most satisfactorily produce energy if you need it, or nerve or muscle. **WE WILL** make it easy for you to give up tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol or other habits if we consider them a hindrance to your cure.

WE WILL, if necessary, indicate exercises that will not take up much time but will counteract the effects of a sedentary life or correct habitual positions that dislocate your organs and prevent their proper working. **WE WILL** advise substitutes for more natural conditions in many other ways, such as special applications of water, uses of air, etc., all of which combined have proved themselves so effective that thousands of people all over this and other countries are shouting the praise of the natural methods we advise, and anxious to have others who need us know what they are missing.

WOMEN! OUR WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT IS PROVING A BOON TO YOUR SEX.

WRITE US. ADVICE BY MAIL. NO DRUGS.

MEN! WE ARE LEADING TO HEALTH OTHERS AFFLICTED LIKE YOU. NO DISEASE EXISTS WHICH OUR METHODS CANNOT REACH. WE WATCH EACH CASE WEEK BY WEEK. EVERY CASE GETS PERSONAL ATTENTION.

WE OFFER \$1,000 GUARANTEE that every testimonial or extract from weekly reports ever published by us is absolutely genuine. Let us help you!

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SPOTSWOOD P. O., NEW JERSEY.

PROF. J. LAMBERT DISNEY, President and General Health Director. (Late Editor, Physical Culture Department, "Naturopath;," Professor of Natural Therapeutics, Dietetics, Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, Bernarr Macfadden Institute. Member of Naturopathic Society of America.)

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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
 —Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY,
 One Dollar a Year. }

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Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

DOES THE AURA CAST A REFLECTION ?

Most of us would have more faith in the existence of an aura about us if we could catch a glimpse of that aura. Here is a letter from a man who says he has often seen something that seems to be a reflection of his aura. He wants us to try the experiment and see what we think of the phenomenon and its cause.

Here is our correspondent's letter :

"I have often read of the aura or mental atmosphere that surrounds every one. Here is an experiment that any one can try. Some fine summer morning when there is lots of dew on the grass and when the sun has been up twenty or thirty minutes, and is so that your body will cast a long shadow, stand so that the head of your shadow lies where there is lots of dew on the grass or vegetation. I have often done this, and for a space of about two feet about the head of my shadow there would be a glow, or the dewdrops would be brighter than elsewhere. Was this caused by the sun's rays passing through my aura. Has any one else ever noticed the same?"—W. W. F.

You are all familiar with the appearance of heat vibrations as they rise over a hot stove, or from any surface superheated by a summer sun.

There is an "indirect radiator" in the floor near my desk, under a large window. When the radiator is hot I can see these heat vibrations. When the radiator is only *warm* the vibrations are not visible to the naked eye. But at times when I can't see the heat waves at all, I can, if the sun is just right, see their reflection, *much magnified*, on the pol-

ished back of Ellen's desk where the sunlight strikes. I have noted this several times.

Query. If the sun shining through the atmosphere will magnify invisible heat waves, causing them to throw a visible shadow, why may not the same wonderful sun and atmosphere make visible the vibrating shadow of an otherwise invisible aura ?

I mean to try this experiment of W. W. F.'s the very first favorable morning this spring. And if any of our readers can verify or explain the phenomenon, we would like to hear about it.

"IF FOOD IS NOT NECESSARY."

Possibly not all our readers have followed carefully Wallace Wattles' interesting series of articles on "The New Physiology." One correspondent asks, "If food is not necessary to maintenance of the physical being, why do all fowls and animals eat nearly continuously? Why does a babe cry for food at frequent intervals, though it sleeps much of the time?"

Nobody imagines that food is not "necessary to the maintenance of physical life." It is.

But food is not the source of physical power, as the old physiology teaches.

Food is to the body what raw material is to the builder. The power which receives food, dissolves and changes it, and

Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

builds it into muscle and tissue, nerves, and brain, is the Life Power which flows into us from the Infinite while we sleep.

If we give this Life Power the right food materials, and the right amount of it, it builds beautifully, intelligently, ever improving and refining its work.

If we give too little food material this Life Power builder within us is hampered in its work, just as any carpenter would be if the mill failed to deliver the necessary lumber for the work planned. The body stores enough material for a forty, or fifty, or sixty-day famine, but not enough for eternal famine. Not yet, at least.

If we give too much food material, or not the right kind, it is as if the lumber dealer kept delivering loads of all kinds of lumber until the premises were covered with it. Imagine carpenters trying to build a house in the center of a lumber yard, with all kinds of lumber piled about and more coming in with every revolution of the saw, and you will get a faint idea of the difficulties under which labors the builder which is *you*, when you pour in more food material than he needs.

**EATING
TOO MUCH.**

And the danger of pouring in too much food is far greater than that of delivering too little. For the reason that too much food sets up a state of general inflammation throughout the body, which you interpret as a call for *more food*, when in reality it means there is already too much on hand. A baby suffering from indigestion acts ravenous. A grown-up stomach that is generating ferments calls for more, more. And another meal piled in gives *temporary* relief, just as kneading more flour into a batch of bread

dough gives temporary relief from ferment.

What would happen to the dough if you kept on kneading it down with more flour, a dozen, a hundred, yes, thousands of times. The result would be unwieldiness and *poison*. The same thing happens in the continuously overloaded stomach, and throughout the overloaded body.

AND NO AMOUNT OF MENTAL OR SPIRITUAL SCIENCE WILL STOP IT, though it may retard the process as cold retards the rising of your bread dough. In this way you may put off the day of reckoning with an overloaded stomach and body, but that is all you can do. The death-poison will get you sooner or later.

NO DANGER! There is little danger of giving the builder within you too little material, *first*, because the body of every person carries enough building material in storage to last a complete famine of thirty to sixty days, or more; *second*, because the *normal* hunger of an unstuffed and untempted body is an infallible guide to the *amount and kind* of food needed.

All our overeating comes from, *first*, the false belief that strength is gained from eating; *second*, the *habit* of eating so many times a day whether hungry or not; *third*, the continual tempting of the appetite through variety of dishes. Of course, the latter two causes are branches of the first.

The cure and the proof of the new physiology is to eat plain foods, cut out one meal a day, and take 36-hour fasts once a week for say four or five months. The improvement in feelings and endurance, and the change in appetite and

Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

tastes will prove the matter to unprejudiced minds, and to half the prejudiced ones.

OBSERVED IN
THE BARNYARD.

Now, note that normal fowls hunt food "nearly continuously," but they come a long way from eating continuously. And the hunting and scratching enable them to make good use of all food they can find. Every poulterer knows that fowls penned up and overfed lay few eggs and suffer from numerous diseases.

And no animals come anywhere near eating "nearly continuously" except cattle, and they all exercise while eating, and if they get over the fence into too rich a field they soon die of over-eating.

If you were to weigh the total amount a cow eats in a day, even in good pasturage, you would find she eats less in a day, in proportion to her weight, than the ordinary human being eats. And she exercises nearly all the time and gives milk into the bargain.

FEAR AND
DIGESTION.

Here is a *Nautilus* reader who takes exceptions to Mr. Wattles' statements about fear and digestion, and cites the case of an old lady who "has always eaten much, and anything she wanted, and does yet; who knows nothing about chemistry of foods, consequently has no fear of results of eating; and yet she has been a victim to sick head, nerves and kindred troubles all her life."

I should think so. Fear is not the only thing that causes such troubles. And fear of what one eats is not the only kind of fear that hinders digestion. The more fear of *any* kind one entertains the less food he can properly digest, for

fear paralyzes digestive and other processes. *Any* fear.

But over-eating and wrong eating are at the bottom of all sick headaches. If one adds fear to over-eating he suffers more and oftener, that's all.

This same correspondent says she *must* have four meals a day, as she is "no good" with her stomach empty; and she can "work all around her daughter who eats half as much and sleeps twice as much."

If she will cut her meals to two a day and fast thirty-six hours once a week, living thus, feelings or no feelings, for, say six weeks, *doing it with a will*, she will find herself doing still more work, with greater health and mental brightness than ever, and the gone feelings all gone for good. To merely assert that she *must* have four meals proves nothing. She will prove the opposite if she practices the new way.

And for one person to compare herself to another is futile. It proves nothing, for no two humans are alike. The daughter can cut *her* meals in two, and fast one day a week, and she will doubtless do more work than at present, and require less sleep.

For over-eating is one great cause of over-sleeping. Any sort of bodily exercise, including digestion, raises the demand for more sleep than the Life Power may accumulate energy to renew the broken down tissues. People of active living, like growing children, need much sleep. And people who eat much need much sleep, for it takes much Life Power to dispose of the food.

One person cannot be compared justly with another in such things; but one *can* try different methods of living, try

Editorials.

By Elizabeth.

them *faithfully*, and prove which is best, thus measuring himself by himself. So far this correspondent seems to have tried only one sort of living.

To eat all one really needs and *no more*, because the elimination of unneeded food requires Life Power or energy that would better be directed in other channels,—this is the intent of the new physiology. Sensible, is it not?

AN IRREGULAR
REGULAR.

Out in Sinclair, Ill., we have a subscriber who is a regular M. D., with irregular ideas on various subjects. His name is William Walter Crane. One of his irregular ideas is that "*If appendicitis always occurred among the very poor it would rarely require a surgical operation.*" He thinks he knows how to cure this fashionable disease without surgery, and shows the recovered cases to prove it. *Medical Standard* (Chicago), published Dr. Crane's article, giving his method of treatment in their number of January, 1906.

Dr. Crane says he used to be an evolutionist but his "Bible studies corrected him." Perhaps he needs another "correction." William Gladstone's profound Bible research made him write a book, called "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," in which he declared *all* the latest edicts of science fully coincide with the Bible statements of creation and final salvation.

I used to be an anti-evolutionist and my study of the Bible and communion with the source of inspiration finally convinced me as it did Gladstone. Indeed, Gladstone's splendid book helped to clarify my thinking on such lines. Evolution, reincarnation, the scientific idea of creation, and spiritualism too, are all

in the Bible, along with all the other New Thought tenets.

Dr. Crane gets some good socialism out of the Bible. So good, and corresponding so well with Frank T. Allen's predictions for 1907, given in January *Nautilus* that I must quote part of his letter for the edification of our readers. Here it is:

On Page 45 of the October *Nautilus*, you say, "The Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth." Correct! You see the signs but you perhaps did not know we are very near to the beginning of those "times of refreshing," when the earth shall blossom as a rose and the desert shall be as a garden and the sword shall be beaten into plowshares and wars shall be no more. At the end of this period of "refreshing," one thousand years (millennium), there will be no more sickness and no more death. Only one more terrible war (doomsday), which will come on through the capital and labor struggle. St. James says: "Come now, ye wealthy! Wait ye at the hardships that are coming upon you. Your wealth has rotted and your garments have become moth-eaten; your gold and silver have become rusted out, and their rust for a witness to you shall be, and shall eat your flesh as fire. Behold! The wages of workers (labor) who cut down your fields (labor) that which has been kept back by reason of you (capitalist) is crying out; and the cries of those who reaped (labor) into the ears of the Lord, have entered." Zephaniah says: "The Lord has prepared a slaughter. He hath bid his guests. And it shall come to pass in the day of the Lord's slaughter, that I will punish the princes' and kings' children, and all such as are clothed in imported clothing. (Having the appearance of prosperity.) And I will inflict punishment on all those who leap over the threshold on 'that day,' and who fill the master's houses with violence and deceit."

Socialism is the human agency through which God will bring about this awful time of trouble, and it is growing rapidly in every civilized country, which is causing much uneasiness among the mighty ones who know not that it is the nucleus of "God's army."

"Take heed to yourselves lest that day come upon you unawares, for as a snare shall it come on all them (not taking heed) that dwell on the face of the earth."—*Luke xxi, 34, 35.*

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

We will take heed.

WILLIAM WALTER CRANE, M. D.



And Satan Came Also

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord and Satan came also among them.—1 JOB, 6.

O Satan, son of God in scornful wrath,
 From the dread shelter of thy restless wings
 Of pain and sin—cast us, we pray, not forth;
On them we rise from elemental things.
The ignorance of children we reject;
There is a grander innocence we prize;
A wider wisdom which we would reflect;
 O guide us through Hell's gates to Paradise.
 No! not at price of pain that ne'er should cease
 Were wisdom dearly bought; for what were life
 Passed in a placid, ay, and brutelike peace?
Better than soul stagnation is soul strife.
 Thou art the shadow God himself has thrown,
 That nothingness from which the world was wrought.
 Who is as God? that challenge, thou alone,
 That Michael flung, wert able to support. (a)
 Thou art that adversary of whom twas writ
 That footstools of our enemies we'll make.
 That great resistance which, as sparks, are lit
 From flint, to conscious strength our souls will make.
 Thou art that evil which the good e'er feeds,
 That darkness thou whence only springs the light;
Thou art that ignorance which to wisdom leads,
That sadness thou which e'er to joy takes flight.
Thou art that death which to all life gives birth,
 That curse which teaches all a blessing's grace
 Ay though thou wander up and down the earth
 The throne of God is still thy resting place.
 Dark bearer of the light who e'er hast worn
 The love star on thy brow, all hail to thee—
 Within thy awful shadow son of Dawn (b)
 Blossoms and springs the soul's divinity.

FLORENCE ALLI-MACCARANI.

NOTES:—(a) The name Michael literally translated means, "Who is as God?"

(b) The words rendered in the Bible, Son of the Morning, are literally, "Son of the Dawn."

Rates Of Oscillation.

BY PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN.

PROBLEM: HOW SHALL WE USE THEM?



New rates of cosmic undulations may be discovered before this note appears in *Nautilus*. The laboratories of the world are now in a state of intense activity. They work without stopping almost, and

mighty minds are peering into deep, wide and very long corridors in nature. Indeed! The poor thing cannot lift a hand or make a move without being instantly photographed, for the imperturbable eye of man is set upon her majestic face during every minute and second in the year. No beautiful classic face in pure marble, nor wonderful painting of lovely human features in exquisite symmetry of outline, detail and blending of tints and life-like colors; nor even living faces of wondrous expression, beauty, attractiveness of spirit were ever gazed upon so intently.

Every corpuscle, atom and molecule in existence oscillates to and fro with a rapidity so great that no mind however powerful, no, not the mind of the highest mathematicians, can ever hope to comprehend the speeds and rates. And corpuscles revolve around others with the most wonderful and unthinkable velocities. Planets likewise revolve around suns with high rates of speed, and are all conical pendulums, such as may be seen revolving in those curious clocks.

OSCILLATIONS OF LIFE AND MIND.

Life in any conscious organism is simply a rate of corpuscular, atomic and

molecular oscillation. And the trend of any science that can bear upon the case seems to be toward saying that mind is also.

If so, we are all immersed in almost "solid waves," they are so numerous. Thus there are one hundred million visible suns on photographic plates; and they all send floods to and receive from all the others. These millions simply saturate space, and act through all matter. They therefore beat and surge through our brains, nerves and entire bodies. We are in touch with the entire universe.

Suppose that the stellar structure of stars is a sphere or oval; then there is a point in the center of the structure if finite, through which energy from every sun in existence has to pass. This point is so wonderful that it is unthinkable; for countless nonillions and decillions of undulations pass in every direction. This focus may be so intense that it has an effect on the entire universe. There is no use trying to deny the fact that our minds are simply immersed in cosmic waves.

The cells of our brain are sensitive beyond imagination to all these infinite surgings. Some of the "lower" animals are aware of the existence of rates unknown to man. Nature made their minds as they are; and ours as they were when the first "human" was evolved. The animals have no way of adding to their original mental capacity. But look at man! He has: This is the one mighty difference between the highest mathematician and lowest living creature, this marvelous ability to add to mind. See-

ing, hearing and smelling are far more acute in a number of animals than they are in man. We therefore know that such powers exist.

Some humans are far more sensitive to minute oscillations than others. another significant fact. Now the capital problem, one now pressing for solution, is to make our minds, our brain cells, our nervous auras aware of the existence of these quadrillions of at present unseen and unheard undulations. For "getting into tune with the infinite" is so intensely scientific that the very idea is almost sublime. The phenomena now appearing throughout the world, and with a rapidity of expansion unknown before, indicate the near approach of some stupendous discovery in strange and arcane realms. The wonders of telepathy, hypnotism, and mental influence will bring some astounding discovery soon; indeed! The edges of the mystery are here now.

Mind is about to make a conquest of matter.

I feel sure that there is a bond of some kind between mental and physical chemistry. Now, as I write, I know that I am wandering and wondering within a mighty maze, underground like that labyrinth of Arsinoe in Egypt, but it does seem that I am on a stairway leading to the surface.

For behold! there is a universal cosmic mass of matter that thinks.

This is obscure, for it is the same as saying that mind of some occult kind, existed before consciousness known to man came as inherent with life. How small is the circle of knowledge! It is so utterly out of the ordinary trend of science to say that mind existed before organic life that this note will be at once classed as non-scientific or "speculative."

For two years I have published everywhere the word directivity; that

is: Corpuscles know what to do, when to act and where to go. Since nothing exists but corpuscles, and these are made of electricity, the seat of mind is in corpuscles. This brings us around to exactly the same point reached many thousands of years ago by the recondite philosopher-mentalists, in India, namely: That mind existed before matter, or for short all is mind. This brings me into a mix with "Christian Science," which is not Christian at all, but very ancient Arcane Hindu. Look! It is far more ancient, it was known to a vast nation far more ancient, Cush, to the later Sumerians in Asia, and to the Napatans older than Ethiopia in Africa. For the symbol Swastika is now spreading over the world. It is appearing on magazines, papers, books, letter heads, envelopes, on signs, on store windows, railway cars, automobiles, hats, handkerchiefs, in pictures, cuts, photos, and in jewelry. It is the most ancient occult symbol on earth. Ask anybody using or wearing a Swastika, why—and the answer will be for "good luck." But it is really a sign or symbol of being in harmonic relation with the Infinite and its sudden revival now in late days is REMARKABLE.

It is known beyond a doubt that the most remote nations had knowledge, secret, of course, that transcended all modern physical science. The work now is to re-discover this long lost wisdom, and transform modern man. I assert that Arcane wisdom is about to be discovered. Some daring one will lift one corner at least, of the Veil of Isis. For the mysteries round about the Temple of Diana are soon to be revealed to modern women.

I here give a few rates of oscillation known to scientists on the purely physical plane, or rather realm of nature. Thus all colors are simply rates of un-

dulations. The table gives the names of colors and their rates.

Colors.	Rates in trillions per second.
Ultra red	370
Red	428
Orange-red	483
Orange	502
Orange-yellow	510
Yellow	516
Green	569
Blue-green	590
Cyan-blue (middle)	604
Blue	634
Violet-blue	684
Violet	739
Ultra-violet	833

See how we are circumscribed in our present limits of adaptation to rates of oscillation. The least number of oscillations per second that can be seen by the average eye is 392 trillion; and the greatest 757 trillion. This is less than one octave for twice 392 equals 794. These are the rates that, through the retina of the eye impress the brain with some entity called respectively dull red and dim violet. I often project a magnificent solar spectrum here with the powerful spectroscope. Perhaps a dozen have seen ultra-violet and infra-red far enough to make more than one

octave. The nerves of their retinas or brain cells were sensitive far beyond the normal. Now there is no doubt but that the extra sensitiveness is in the cells of the brain. If so, and it is, then mighty results can be brought about by the majestic science of Eugenics, that is: The human brain can be cultured like plants in the marvelous gardens of Luther Burbank. Cell-sensitive men and women can be married and develop children with brain cells able to cut out of space the most rapid rates in existence. For years I have written that the human mind is capable of illimitable expansion. In the table the middle rate is 604 trillion per second, and falls in the lovely cyan-blue. But the middle rate in the visible region is 575 trillion in the blue-green. But instruments have detected rates from 833 up to 1,500 trillion per second. The limits of all imagination are broken. Who knows but that cosmic mind—the base of nature—and origin of thought—may be discovered? No dream can picture what we may become when brain cells vibrate at primordial and basic rates. Inconceivable power will be in human possession.

Small Marenda.

A WORRY SONG.

Small Marenda, three years old,
Keen grey eyed and thatched with gold,
From her store of quaintest lore,
Must have been here oft before,
Must have been here oft before.

* * * * *

At her place the stripling son
Gone a shooting with his gun,
Long his given time outstayed,
In the witching forest glade,
In the luring autumn shade.

Dire confusion in his home,
"Why! Oh why does he not come!
I sha'n't worry," said they all,
Tramping out and in the hall,
"I sha'n't worry," said they all.

Two factotums sent in search,
Were left by him in the lurch,
As the huntsman sauntered in,
Eying cool his rattled kin—
Small Marenda took all in.

"Now Du-witty ain't come home,
Nor George Clinty Washy-ton,
What shall we do 'bout Du-witty?
Maybe gone to a far city,
Nice Du-witty turble pity."

"What would you advise, Small Fry?"
Asked the teasing Cousin Ki.
"Anless we worry, I do-no,"
Spoke Marenda grave and slow,
With the twinkle of her eye,
Brimming o'er with mischief sly,
"Anless we worry hard and cwy!"

How the "Meditations" came to be Written.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.



I have received so many letters of late from the readers of *The Nautilus* that I think it is high time to explain in brief what I have already explained in full to Elizabeth, concerning these "Meditations" of mine, and

how they came to be written.

The "Meditations" are really *exercises*—like the five-finger exercises for the piano, which one must practice if one would have supple and obedient fingers for the grander harmonies. I wrote them for myself in the first place, as in common with every one of you I was trying to realize the true, spiritual self, which is not always in evidence. Imagine my state of mind then when a letter comes to me containing requests—perhaps I would better say announcements—such as the following:

"I am a widow with limited means, and I have come to you with all my burdens, and I am casting them all *upon you*. I have taken a boy from the state school who has a secret sin. *I am leaving him to you*. I have a married daughter who has two children, and one who is unmarried. Will you, dear friend, use your holy influence over us all, whether near or far, and bring them home to the fold of Christ, *and keep us all immune from harm?*"

I have quoted at some length from this letter, since it represents very fairly other demands of a similar nature which have reached me from various quarters of the world. Certain of my correspondents say, rather vaguely, that since they cannot, somehow, "put into practice what they have studied and learned" they would like me to shoulder the responsibility for them, and in some occult way (the more occult the better)

enable them to become rich, happy, healthy and successful.

Now to all these dear people and to others in like frame of mind I would like to say very frankly that I am not, and do not pretend to be the perfect exponent of my own "Meditations." If I was, I shouldn't be living on this planet at all. I should immediately be translated to a higher sphere. I am struggling, just as you are, dear "widow of limited means" to grow into better conditions through a realization of what I believe to be my own true, spiritual self. The more completely I can detach myself from thoughts of sickness, poverty and undesirable conditions of any sort, the quicker and better I shall be able to manifest their wished-for opposites in my body and circumstances. So if, when I get up in the morning, I feel dull, inert, weak, headachey, grouchy, envious of other people's abounding success, and correspondingly fearful of my own failure, I get out a certain fat little blank book and forcibly change the current of my thoughts. I write down with my blackest ink and in my plainest handwriting some such statements as these:

I deny, specifically and *in toto*, that I am inert, weak, envious or sick. On the contrary, I am keen, intelligent, alert, filled with life, energy and power. I love my work, and I am invariably successful, because (please pay attention to the reason I give to my consciousness, for it is this which makes it eternally true, and not a foolish, empty falsehood) *I am the child of God*, and "my Father works *in me*—both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Now this statement, written in clear, concise words, has been found to have

a decided effect upon my mental condition. I have tried the experiment repeatedly, and I am convinced of the truth of what I am telling you. For behold! All my dull, weak, befogging mind-vapors presently vanish away. I find myself to *be* alive, alert, joyously ready to work. Now what has happened? Have I merely "hypnotized" myself by a mental suggestion into an evanescent and spurious activity? Or is this phenomenon of a deeper and truer origin? I believe that the simple explanation is that I have in some slight degree succeeded in *manifesting what is true* to-day, tomorrow and forever of the real, hidden self of me, which is to go on living and evolving endlessly into the limitless perfection of the divine life.

But I shall be obliged to go on practicing my soul exercises of whatever kind today, tomorrow, and yes—forever, for I see no possible end to it, my friends. And in view of this, do you not see that we cannot limply lay our burdens off on to any one, not even—and I say this with all reverence—onto Jesus Christ.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee," says the Psalmist. Jesus, from the heights of a diviner wisdom and completer experience, invites us to take his yoke upon us, and learn from him the secret of easy and successful burden bearing. "For every man *must bear his own burden.*" This is the divinely ordained plan whereby we are to be developed into the full stature of our glory; and if we weakly whine and cry over the little things which are demanded of us in this kindergarten of our universe, how are we

to assume the grander responsibilities which await us in realms beyond our ken? We can learn *only* through experience, and if we were wise as angels are, we should eagerly welcome the tasks which are set to test the temper of our souls.

"The reward of work well done is always—and inevitably—more work." So if you have great burdens and responsibilities weighing upon you, dear "widow of limited means," know that somewhere along the line you have already received the plaudit, "Well done, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." But *do not neglect to rule over what is given you.* Don't try to pass it over to another. Don't try to evade your crown. It is yours, and yours alone.

Let me recommend a blank book for every one of you, and a series of "Meditations"—real soul-exercises, which will help you, as no words of mine can do, to bear your own burdens through a growing knowledge of the energetic, powerful, purposeful I AM within each one of you. When you have caught the least hint of this central fact of your being, you will not be wearily seeking to drop your burdens onto anyone; but you will smile as you realize that in the Divine Strength, which in very truth is your own, you can *easily* carry every burden that is, or ever will be, laid upon you. Nay, more, the burdens will be found to be light; in spite of them you will "mount up with wings as eagles, you will run and not be weary; you will walk and not faint."

We are not tied to a desk or to a bench; we stay there only because we think we are tied. In Montana I had a horse which was hobbled every night to keep him from wandering; that is, straps joined by a short chain were put around his forefeet, so that he could only hop. The hobbles were taken off in the morning, but he would still hop until he saw his mate trotting off. Our main function is to show how any one can trot off if he will.

—BOLTON HALL.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY.

Finally, in the light of all the foregoing, what about the immortality of the individual? Well, the new physiology gives us, for the first time, a really scientific basis for the hope of a continued existence. You must remember that if the old physiology is true, immortality is simply impossible. If you get your vital power from food, then your soul comes from the beef trust; and when you cease to eat, that will be the end of you for time and eternity. The theory that the soul draws its vital power from God, while the body gets energy from corned beef and cabbage, is unprovable; all the evidence goes to show that there are not two kinds of life, one of the body and one of the soul, but that there is only one life. The life of the soul and the life of the body are one, and come from the same source; therefore, if the old physiology is true, the death of the body is the end of all.

To prove individual immortality we must demonstrate two things to be true:

First, that there is a spiritual organism which the ego, or individual intelligence can inhabit after the dissolution of the physical body; and

Second, that the ego can and will keep spiritual organism so in harmony with the constructive principle of nature that it, in turn, shall not be dissolved.

It is unthinkable that life should continue individualized without an organism. There must be a separate organism for every individual life; and when the life can no longer preserve its organism against the attacks of nature's destructive principle, then it must cease to be an individual life, and be merged into

that Universal from whence it came. What evidence have we that there are spiritual bodies?

1. We have the testimony of clairvoyants and other psychics who claim to see them. Take this evidence for what it is worth to you. Personally, I believe some of it.

2. We are able to demonstrate mathematically that personality is not the result of functioning of the physical body. Mind is not produced by the physical body, for mind controls the physical body. Mind is not the result of functional action, for mind can and does control functional action. There is no organ of the body whose action is not controllable by mind, properly applied. To have mind control the machinery which produces it would be to make the effect become its own cause. If mind were the result of functional action, it could not cause or control functional action. There is no more evidence that the brain thinks than there is that the heart thinks, or that the liver thinks; the most we can say is that the brain appears to be the organ through which the ego applies thought to the physical body. It does not appear to be at all impossible that there is a spiritual organism, formed of finer material, in and through the physical body, permeating it as ether permeates the atmospheric air; and that this spiritual body may continue to exist after the dissolution of the physical body.

But its continued existence must depend upon its power and willingness to co-operate with the constructive principle in nature. Look where we will, we see two principles in operation; all about us are the phenomena of construction and destruction, integration and dis-

integration, combination and dissolution, growth and decay, life and death. In our own bodies construction and destruction are continuous; and the length of physical life depends upon our living, so that the process of construction shall equal or exceed that of destruction. In the very nature of things, it is not possible that there should be any such thing as essential, inherent and intrinsic immortality for any living organism. Every living thing, whether spiritual or physical, must be subject to the same fundamental laws; and each must receive its vital energy from the same source. You know that you are not necessarily and inherently immortal, in so far as your physical body is concerned. You may have a long and merry life, or a short and miserable one, just as you choose. If you eat and drink and sleep and think in a constructive way, you will live a good while—I cannot undertake to say how long. You may achieve physical immortality, for all I can prove to the contrary, although I do not believe you can; and I do not know why you should want to unless you are afraid to pass out, and try the other plane. On the other hand, if you eat and drink so as to turn your constructive force into the destructive channel; if you do not give the constructive principle an opportunity by sleeping under proper conditions, or if you think destructively, you can commit physical suicide in a very little while, or you can prolong the process over a number of years, but it will be suicide all the same.

Permit me now to point out that the same must be true of your spiritual body. I believe that you have a spiritual body,

for the reasons given above, and because I see phenomena in your life which I cannot possibly account for on any other hypothesis than that there is a personality which uses your brain, but which is not produced by your brain. All that, however, is another story, and I shall not go into it now. Perhaps, if Elizabeth is willing, we may have a paper or two on the scientific evidence that you have a soul which is not produced by your body. But you will note now that it can be no more a necessity that your spiritual body shall live forever than it is that your physical body shall live forever. You are endowed with the power to commit physical suicide, and it necessarily follows that you must also have the power to commit spiritual suicide. The spiritual bodies of those who persist in thinking the destructive thought and living in the destructive way must eventually be dissolved into their original elements, and the life principle be merged into that Universal life from whence it came. They who persist in violation of the law must eventually vanish from the universe; the "soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Immortality is a privilege, but not a necessity. Conscious individual existence on either the physical or spiritual planes can be long continued only by working in harmony with the constructive principle; by intelligent and continuous co-operation with God. And this is the great, stern fact that underlies the New Physiology: That the individual cannot create or renew his own life, or vital power of soul or body; he must, therefore, so harmonize himself with the source of life as to receive from it, or he will inevitably perish.

"Refuse to express an emotion and it dies. There is no more valuable precept in moral education than this, as all who have experience know. If we wish to conquer undesirable emotional tendencies in ourselves, we must assiduously, and in the first instance, cold-bloodedly, go through the outward movements of those contrary dispositions which we prefer to cultivate. Smooth the brow, brighten the eye, contract the dorsal rather than the ventral aspect of the frame, and speak in a major key, pass the genial compliment, and your heart must be frigid indeed if it does not gradually thaw."—WILLIAM JAMES.

From What Source.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Once upon a time when the desire and necessity for personal comfort seemed unusually imperative, there came a sudden halt in my review of the situation, and these were the words that without any apparent thought or volition of my own, fell from my lips.

"If you can't be happy when you are miserable, you can't be happy at all."

It was precisely as if I had repeated it, poll-parrot fashion after some one else, though I had heard nothing with my physical ears and there was no person near.

Please do not make a mistake at this point. How this sentence that at first seemed so foolish because so contradictory came into my consciousness I cannot explain. Would that I could, as I believe it would shed considerable light upon the cause of many hidden phenomena. I do not claim that it was a psychic or a spiritual message, or that it proceeded from any quarter outside of my individual self; but I do affirm that this was one of the things that led me to be very careful in passing judgment upon things I did not understand.

At this juncture there was a pressing need of help, a lighting up of intelligence, an ability to focus from a new view point, and none of these processes were illuminated. In fact the situation presented a low, depressing aspect which was most unusual. I thought I had tried bravely for days but there seemed no way of getting away from it. All my attempts to help were frustrated, and my words of warning and advice glanced off from those whom I thought needed them like water off a duck's back. Now I had informed myself through some agency unknown, that if I could not be happy when I was miserable I could not

be happy at all. The modus of the message and the absurdity of its construction at once riveted my attention and changed the current of thought. Ridiculous as it appeared it certainly meant something, for as by magic the deadly weight was lifted from my heart and peace and good cheer were no longer remote possibilities, I could feel them approaching and yet I did not understand.

Just at this moment in the midst of my relief and wonderment a friend called whose troubles had been troubling me for some time. Her brother had left his wife and children in poverty and had gone no one knew where. This was the crowning outrage of years of recklessness and dissipation.

"I thought I would come in just for a few minutes," she said, "I am so unhappy, but I always feel better after seeing you."

I had the grace to be glad, notwithstanding the fact that I always felt worse after seeing her.

"Oh! things are awful," she went on, "and my sister-in-law has really given up in despair."

"Well, my dear," I responded very calmly, a sort of-a-smooth-as-oil-feeling stealing over me—"I have found out just one thing this morning and it has turned my darkness into a sky full of rainbows. It is this: If you can't be happy when you are miserable you can't be happy at all."

It would not be easy to forget the expression on that woman's face. The light in her eyes was that of one having received a sudden illumination.

"Where did you get it," she asked.

"I don't know. It came to me."

"If you can't be happy when you are miserable, you can't be happy at all,"

my companion repeated. "Certainly not,"—this with emphasis.

"But how can one be happy when one is miserable?" I inquired.

"We are surrounded, don't you see," she said, "with folks who will be miserable in spite of anything that can be done, and we allow ourselves to be dragged down to the level of their sorrows. I apply the teaching in this fashion—if one can't be happy with misery all about one, one can't be happy at all. Take this example for instance: My brother *would* do exactly as he chose without the slightest regard for others. His wife *would* marry him notwithstanding she was told of his excesses. Now to whom does this suffering logically belong? Not to me. I see that I have no business with it."

"But pain is pain whether one brings it upon oneself or not," I remarked, desirous of a still further analysis.

"We surely should be kind but we should not suffer. I see now that their lessons are their lessons and not ours. I believe I shall come to think that we should rejoice over everybody's hard lessons, our own included. And why not? We have surely got to be worked over and polished up somewhere at some time, and the sooner the better. I feel now that in trying to work out the problems by others I have hindered them most wofully."

This will certainly pass as a superlatively remarkable experience. The light that was let into that soul, irradiating her whole being filled me with surprise and joy. For weeks my friend had been nursing and moaning over her woes, endeavoring to extract comfort from external sources, and here she won, eloquently wise from the effect of a few words which the merely intellectual person would have laughed to scorn.

As she went out of the house, smiling and happy, I sat me down to think. I know that the philosophy to which I had just listened was correct. I knew that I had been at once comforted by the seemingly crooked and contradictory words. What did it mean and why

could we not understand a little more of the processes by which such results were obtained? There was no answer to these questions. There never had been, notwithstanding the fact that I was no stranger to phenomena similar to that mentioned above. Then I bethought me of this great world of effects, where through all the days one sees little but the descent into awful depths and the agonizing attempts to get out of them. Hurry, worry, strife, pain and tears, no one satisfied and all clamoring for more of this world's goods, greater material successes, and the care that kills. How is one to escape from this maddening whirl? Only by being in it and not of it, by looking away from the surrounding caprice, and seemingly humiliating experiences to the secret place of peace and righteousness.

"I will lift mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."

Peace is not the product of man's natural environment. One can never realize comfort by striving to doctor pain with merely human sympathy, but one can by prayerful desire and determined effort learn to look up and away from the snarls and hard knots which seem to impede the progress of so many travelers.

I do not think anyone ever heard me say it was easy, but I do say it ought to be, and a constant consciousness by the presence of God would make it so. Nothing else ever will.

To agonize for others has been considered a divine command. This is a large lie and has had a large circulation.

Many of you will probably say, "If the writer knew the awful trouble I am in with the misdoings and helplessness of this and that one, she would not be so sure of her ground."

Yes, she would. The truth holds no exceptions. If true for one it is true for all. Our lessons are our educators, and when we can accept our own with thanksgiving and be glad of the beneficial experiences of others, we shall positively know that if we cannot be happy when we are miserable—or when seeming misery is all about us—we cannot be happy at all.

Practical Telepathy.

ELLEN PRICE.

CHAPTER III.

CONCENTRATION AND RELAXATION.

1. Now let us have order, for that is nature's first law, and when we know the order in which a process unfolds, we understand its law. First we will take a few incidents in which the psychic sense prevails, and arrange the facts disclosed by them in their proper relations, thus forming an orderly sequence of ideas leading to the knowledge we desire.

A few years ago business called me to a city some sixty miles away. There were two routes to the town, one passing through L—, where dwelt a friend I intended visiting on my return; and I had written her that I would do so, but that in going I would take the other and more direct route.

About twenty-four hours before starting time, I began to consider the possibility of finding in L— another acquaintance, a Mr. F., who could give me some information I much desired. He did not live in L—, but his business occasionally kept him there two or three weeks at a time, and I hoped I might find him. I had no clew as to his whereabouts, and no way to reach him on such short notice; but impressed with the idea that I should find him, I set out, determined to do my best.

First I wrote and asked my friend, Mrs. C., to meet me at the L— station and go with me to a meeting to be held there that day. Then I tried to acquaint Mr. F. with my desire that he should be there, mentally calling him by name and saying I wanted him to attend that meeting the next day. It was easy to concentrate my whole mental force on this effort just before retiring, when all about me was quiet.

The next day, when the train stopped at a little station just outside L—, Mrs. C. entered the car and seated herself beside me, saying with a smile, "Didn't I guess well to expect to find you on the train today?" Thinking of my letter which she should have received early that morning, I was not surprised to meet her then, at noon, though I had not expected her to appear until I reached the next station.

When I asked, "Are you going to the meeting with me?" she looked blank and said, "I intend to stay with you until you leave this evening, but I don't know anything about any meeting." "Didn't you get my letter this morning," I asked. "This morning?" she exclaimed; "no, I left before the postman came, for I was so impressed with the idea that you were coming through here today that I started out early to do some errands, so I could meet you and spend the afternoon with you. I knew you were going to M., and just decided you would come this way."

Our mutual surprise put us in such high spirits that we fully expected the rest of my plans to carry; but Mr. F. was not at the meeting, and we felt disappointed. After a while, however, he came in, and was at once called to the platform to assist in the exercises. He went with evident reluctance; and after he was seated, his gaze wandered over the hall as if in search of someone. As his eyes met mine, the change in his expression told me that he had received my message.

In a few minutes Mrs. C. reminded me that we must leave at once if I was to take the evening train for M—. As we left the room it seemed that I had failed just on the verge of success; but we were scarcely outside when I heard a voice at

my side saying: "I knew the instant I saw you that you had called me to this meeting," and I turned to find that Mr. F. had followed us out. As he hurried along beside us he continued, "I awoke this morning impressed with the idea that there was some reason why I should come to this meeting, but hesitated, for fear I might have to take part in the exercises. But finally I decided that I must come, and see who wanted me." The information I wanted was soon obtained, I was hurried to the train, and glided away with scarcely a thought of the subtle power that had served me so well, yet so simply.

I had desired the information, and had allowed my intuition or psychic sense to aid me in getting it. My intense desire and concentration made my thoughts definite, and powerful enough to impress not only Mr. F., their primary object, but also Mrs. C., quite independently of my letter. Both were in rapport with me, and willing to act on any suggestion of mine, and both received their impressions either while asleep or at once on waking, while still passive and mentally receptive.

As we have it, then, the concentrated thoughts of one person and his desire that they shall impress another, together with receptivity and willingness to co-operate on the part of the other, form the conditions necessary to telepathy. We may now consider its methods.

2. According to Webster, to concentrate is to bring to a common center. Concentration of the mind is bringing the mental forces to a common center, or turning the entire attention upon one subject. This does not mean that the full mental force shall be held on one single thought for a considerable time; that would be impossible, for mental force is action, not rest, and concentration on a single idea leads to passivity, scattering of forces, and drowsiness. But it means

rather such a mental condition as when the life of a dear one depends on our efforts,—on our doing just the **right thing** at the right time, without doubt or hesitation, lest the loss even of a second prove fatal,—and all our energies rise to the occasion. Every detail stands before the mind distinctly, every faculty is wide awake and thrilling with energy, yet we neither see nor hear nor feel anything that does not bear on our one paramount idea of saving the life of the loved one. All the rest of the world is dead to us, and the suggestions of others pass unheeded or even unheard. This is concentration of the mind. The will brings all the mind's energy to the focusing point of definite thought, and this concentrated power, applied to the ideas that present themselves, quickly materializes them into living thought force, or as quickly dissolves them.

You have seen the sun's rays focused with such force as to set fire to whatever came within their focus. Picture yourself concentrating your mental force in like manner, your will the lens; and apply this concentrated power to whatever you have under consideration. After learning to think definitely, form the still more valuable habit of concentrating your mental force at will. Practice this in everyday life, and you will gain a mental power that will surmount all obstacles.

3. To impress your thoughts on another, you must concentrate your mind on the idea you wish to send, and form it into definite thought. Make no effort to project the thought, for the work is all done within your own mind. Simply let go of the consciousness of self, substituting for it a consciousness of the personality of the one you would impress with your thought. One who is in rapport with you and willing to receive your suggestions will readily respond if his mental habits are such as to lead him

to consider the impressions that enter his mind.

This condition of rapport is not brought about by any positive mental effort. It is the natural result of a community of interest between two minds, and often occurs on slight acquaintance, even between strangers. So, in selecting one with whom to communicate telepathically, choose the one who most sincerely desires to learn what you have to communicate, and you will find already in existence the sympathetic conditions necessary to success.

The mental attitude assumed in receiving an impression from another is just the opposite of concentration. Concentration is the simple obedience of all the faculties to the will; but in receptivity the will abdicates in favor of a more subtle power. All mental force is quieted. The mind is passive, save for the single thread of consciousness which connects the individual with his surroundings, and even this yields in trance or hypnosis, when the mind is simply an instrument controlled by intelligence in which it has no part. We shall not attempt to produce this condition, for any intelligence we may desire can be received without subjecting our minds to the dictation of any will but our own.

4. Receptivity is brought about through a complete relaxation of mind and body. The will gives its commands and yields its place to our psychic powers. We may feel secure in the knowledge that this confidence will not be betrayed, for the subconscious mind is equal to any demands that may be made on it. To induce this mental condition, all tension of mind or body must be relaxed. This often requires much practice, and a greater effort of will than is required in concentration.

When you "enter the silence" make a practice of relaxing in the following way: Taking a comfortable position, go

over your body lazily, in thought, loosening the tension of every muscle. Let no part escape your attention. This done, you will become conscious of a gentle restfulness, penetrating every part of mind and body, and dissolving the consciousness of form until you feel yourself radiating outward in a fine mist without outward bounds. Now let go of all consciousness of your surroundings, holding instead the mental picture given in lesson two; hold it lightly but securely until something else comes to replace it. Then do not resist the change; accept at once whatever comes and give it up again to what may follow. Should you doze a few seconds, no matter; but avoid a long sleep, which would defeat your end.

At no time enter this receptive condition without precaution of excluding undesirable thoughts. Make the positive assertion that you are receptive to such thoughts only as are for your good; or hold a mental picture as indicated in lesson one, to call out the good and beautiful. A mental picture of beauty and happiness, or a wholesome desire to accomplish some honest purpose, is the best way to enter the silence, if you would realize from it the maximum benefit. Should you fail at first in doing this, the results would probably not be serious, but you would not enter the thought-current awakened by these lessons; you would have to take your chances as to what kind of thought you would receive. It would be of whatever style you habitually generate, unless you dictated otherwise.

5. The habit of mentally dictating what you shall receive in the silence should be cultivated, for this is very important if you would use your psychic powers practically in everyday life. The ability to use this power at will not only dignifies it, by making it part of the great plan of unfoldment of human

life, but develops a nobility and spiritual understanding in him who uses it. So when you feel the awakening of this power within you, welcome it as a faculty that will serve you in every act, great or small, in your life, and know that you will come to depend on it as an unfailing source of knowledge.

For practice, set aside a regular daily period for full concentration on some subject of vital interest to you, following at once with a period of complete relaxation and receptivity. Do not practice, however, very near time of retir-

ing at night, for it is not good to fall asleep out of an induced receptive condition. If you must choose an evening hour, concentrate on something interesting and pleasant, just before retiring, —a game of checkers, some mechanical apparatus, a scientific article, or anything that will hold the attention of all your faculties. If you can concentrate on something *interesting* for a short time before entering the silence each day, you will find that the exercise happily speeds you on your way.

(*End of the Third Lesson.*)

The Nervous System of Jesus.

BY SALVARONA.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FORCES OF JESUS DESCRIBED THE SAME CURVES OF MOTION AS HIS NERVOUS FORCES.

The religious faith of Jesus, as a uniform state of expectation of divine good, implied a subconscious tension of two forces; both of which modified the motions of his conducting nerve fibers in their connections with his tissues, muscles and the circulation of his blood. The psychological force of Jesus, when taking the form, either of religious faith or ethical indignation—was a mental force which compounded itself with a nervous force, so that both forces acted along the same conducting line of nerve fiber. These two forces could produce an effect at any point in the direction of their conducting nerve lines; intensity and direction was added to the moving positions of his nervous forces, when compounded with the moving position of his psychological force. As the purpose of the motions of the nervous forces of Jesus was—other things equal—to direct the natural movements of the molecules of his muscles; the purpose of his psychological force, in this special motor sense,

was to add intelligent, changing intensity and direction to the motions of his nervous forces, as they moved along their conducting lines of the nerve fiber in twisted and double curvature paths of motion. The awakened, or subconscious and nascent religious emotions of Jesus, his moral passions, his sublime dominating religious desires regarded—strictly in their nervous motor aspects, were motions of psychological force, possessing special directive thought-forms of varying velocity. Therefore, whenever the nervous forces of Jesus were compounded with those classes of his psychological forces—called religious passions, it would have the effect of altering the difference in the time, force and direction of the curves of the motions of his nervous forces. So that he would see the moral and religious point in persons more quickly than other points. As therefore, the strictly moral and religious aspects of persons would make a more profound appeal to his attention, this would have the effect of increasing the action, or rate of the speed of the motion of his nervous forces; therefore, of shortening the time of his observation of

their persons through his senses. The religious and ethical life-desire of Jesus gave him a constant, never-sleeping preparedness of concentrated emotional religious attention, which in its nervous motor phases, would also have the effect of immeasurably increasing the rate of the speed of his sense perceptions in answering to the signals of men and women. It would constantly modify the curve of the nervous force of his eye, ears and touch. For, the series of the changing positions of the nervous force of Jesus, as acting in his brain and as subject to the line or nerve-wire of conducting nerve fiber along which his nerve forces moved would be called the curve of the nervous force. With the majority of persons their psychological forces—when compounded with their nervous force, changes its current more promptly when signalled through an electric skin sensation, or one of sound, than through light or ordinary touch. If, therefore, the religious healing telepathy of Jesus was in any indirect or direct way connected with the electric conveyance of telepathic sound or electric skin signals, the following could happen: Take the absent healing of the Centurion's servant. The following table will show the relative time capacity of the Centurion servant to respond—through the healthy reaction of his psychological and nervous forces—to an electric signal of sound or touch:

Sound	0.167 sec.
Light	0.222 "
Electric skin-sensation	0.201 "
Touch-sensations	0.213 "

Here then (in the deeper *psychological* undertaking of the Man of Sorrows), as a man of immeasurable *spiritual emotion* do we find the key to his magic, the solution of the problem of his moral fascination, the answer to the question as to *why* he has captivated the ages. No icily, cold, calculating theologian was

Jesus. Man among men—he had the greatest human heart of them all—sufferer among sufferers, he suffered more than all, spiritually emotional, his flesh and blood vibrated with a greater practical, emotional pity and compassion than all. This is *why* he stands above all men. He did not laugh with men in their joys, but he wept with them in their sorrows. He was at *one* marriage feast, and at *many* funerals. He came as the star in the midnight of man's grief, not as a sun of his animal joy. He came to conquer death, not to add a new zest to the avaricious happiness of low ideals of life. The human in him was so divine that it reached up to God, and the divinity in him was so human that it reached down to man. Because his *emotional*, spiritual range was so transcendent, his vast emotional moods urged him to drive the money-changers out of the temple with a whip of cat-o-nine-tails; and to lash the Pharisees with sentences that stung like scorpions. Because his *emotional* range was so transcendent he wept at the grave of Lazarus—saw his Father watching the fate of the sparrows and became the champion of the defeated souls of the universe. Because his *emotional* range was so transcendent, he forgave his murderers, forgave sinners, forgave Peter, forgave Magdalene, forgave Judas, forgave the rabble that spat in his face, forgave the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea for trying to hold him a prisoner. Because his *emotional* range was so transcendent, because he had the biggest heart in the universe, he wept over Jerusalem—chose the emotional, affectionate John as his beloved disciple—made love (not philosophy) the theme of his gospel, sympathized with the down-trodden poor—and felt his heart wrung with compassion because the lepers were unclean and the widow of Nain had lost her boy.

(To be continued in August issue.)

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XVII.

MERCURY AND THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SUSHUMNA.

(Conclusion of this Chapter.)

Now, Mercury is the unifying element between the several principles of man as between the *Tattvas*. The strife the planet arouses is that it is ever impelling upward and resists downward tendencies. It is Mercury's rod that pricks the conscience and would ever extend its support in the struggle against wayward impulses. When you fully understand the entire office of the *Sushumna*, this will be quite plain.

Both the density and the swiftness of Mercury are accounted for, or explained, by the *Tattvic* state of *Prana* when in the *Shushumna*. Of course it is the same in the macrocosm as in the microcosm, only on a vaster scale. Though apparently quiescent during the moment of conjunction, the quiescence is but seeming. The concentrated energy of the *Tattvas* through their closely compacted atoms in the united currents as they meet in the *Sushumna* produces a state of extreme density. During concentration, when alone the higher office of the *Sushumna* is called into activity, the velocity of the vibrations is stimulated to an inconceivable speed.

Curiously enough, we have in the rise of mercury in a thermometer a perfect symbol of the rise of the vital force in the *Sushumna*, for the state of increased activity and density and vastly increased velocity is also one of rising temperature

The spinal *Sushumna*, which we have now specially to consider, is a hollow canal in the center of the spinal cord. In ordinary persons who are absorbed

in trivialities and purely material interests, it is closed at the base, the point of union between the *Pingala* and *Ida*, where the residual nervous action—the memory of sensations—is stored in the sacral plexus. This canal is the so-called occult channel of *Prana*, through which, *when roused to activity*, the coiled-up latent *Prana*, or *Kundalini*, ascends from the sacral-plexus to the brain, and striking upon the pituitary body (the will-energizer) stimulates it to such activity that it in turn kindles the spiritual fire of the pineal gland. The first hint the student has that he is rousing this slumbering power is a sensation of warmth in the basic-plexus—the *Muladhari* of the Yogi—where it is “coiled up”; and as the soul-governed will controls *Prana* and holds it to the ascent through the canal, the heat increases.

All aspirations for higher things, all exaltation of prayer and worship, tend to set free a minute portion of this *Kundalini*, the “coiled-up one.” Thus, you see, the path to “the Mystic Realm of the Undiscovered” leads through the *Sushumna*. We enter it in meditation. Often unknowingly, it is traversed by many a rapt enthusiast, and by the ardent inventor who wrests Nature's secrets from her vast repositories. Intuitive truths are never discovered elsewhere. Swami Vivekananda says: “Wherever there is any manifestation of what is ordinarily called supernatural power or wisdom, there must have been a little current of *Kundalini* which found its way into the *Sushumna*.”

The data concerning Mercury's close association with our spiritual natures is practically without limit, as he who begins to search will find. The symbol of

the planet expresses the trinity or three in one, the circle representing the Spirit because without beginning or end. The crescent is the reflection, or Soul,—the negative of the Spirit as is the Moon of the Sun; and the cross typifies the four elements of the physical, or gross plane of activity. They are the four elemental divisions, called the “triplicities,” of the Zodiac, and Mercury’s influence in the varying signs is distinct. The astrologer Hazelrigg finds all the planetary symbols equally significant with that of Mercury, and believes none to be arbitrary signs.

In all ancient lore, we find Mercury accredited as ruling the mind. Everywhere in myth and story he is sent as the interpreter and messenger to the *understanding* and *reason* of man. Even the thievish disposition attributed to Mercury symbolized the facility with which reason and understanding appropriate all knowledge. The very term *thought* is said by Anna Kingsford to be “the Egyptian equivalent for Hermes, the God Thaut, frequently written Thoth; these being for the Greeks and Egyptians the personification of the Divine Intelligence,” that is, His messenger. The same Spirit was manifested to the Hebrew as Raphael, —like Hermes called “the physician of souls;” and to the Hindu as Buddhi.

One of the chief glories of Hermes was his conquest of the hundred-eyed Argus, which denotes, Mrs. Kingsford says: “The victory of the understanding over fate. For Argus represents the power of the stars over the unenfranchised soul.” This corroborates what I have constantly endeavored to make emphatic, that the power of human thought guided by reason can change the planetary currents. The powers of reason and understanding to which Mercury guides us are above mere cold intellection. It is the stifling of pure reason by the exaltation of the human sense-governed mind that pro-

duced the rank materialism which has marked recent decades and from which Higher Thought is freeing the race of mankind.

The Roman name Mercury, by which we designate the planet, comes from *merx*, merchandise. Their god was of much more material and sordid character than the Greek Hermes with whom they identified him, which betrays the truth that the people had degenerated and become more material. They chose to degrade “Hermes * * * Archangel, who bearest the rod of knowledge by which all things in heaven and earth are measured” (*The Perfect Way*, page 367), to a crafty, commercial god.

The farther back we go the more elemental, more spiritual are all the gods. Zeus is believed to have meant originally “the glistening ether.” Hindu genius spiritualizes its sense-conceptions with wonderful readiness. The more remotely their myths are traced the more “atmospheric” do they become. The more the god merges with the planet.

A concluding word as to practice: When our wills hold our minds in check and thus restrain the scattering of forces through wasteful and, oftener than not discordant activities, the *Pranic* currents flow rhythmically and gather force and strength as all the molecules of the body yield to the harmony and tend to *move in the same direction*,—which means a tremendous gain in electric power: Only by the uplift of this conscious direction can we connect with the great Central Dynamo, the Divine Spirit.

Thus the soul-directed thought is electrical, itself a ray of spiritual powers, the effectual energy of which is gauged by the steadfastness of purpose, the soul-force, which directs it. Never forget that the mind which is the disturber and disorganizer, creating all discord, when brought under control is the agent of our freedom. There is no limit to the power of thought.

Teaching Children.

By ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In teaching new thought ideas in Sunday schools, should the new thoughter follow the Christian scientists and Mrs. Eddy in refusing to accept the evidence of common sense as given to us through our mortal mind five senses? Are we to consider our senses as sources of eternal error, or are we to consider our mortal mind five senses of seeing, hearing, touch, taste and smell as a mental means of involution, or the mental means of getting new thought suggestions into the Sunday schools? We could never get any new thoughts into the children's mind at all if it is wrong to use their five senses. If we do not get our spiritual new thoughts into ourselves through our senses, how do we get them in?—MRS. W. A. PENDELL, Barry, Wash.

Goodness! Don't confound children with such big words, obscure ideas and hair-splitting schisms.

Tell them of the wise spirit that speaks within them, the spirit that is God and child, too. Tell them that as they follow that spirit health, happiness and success are with them; that as they disobey it unhappiness results.

Tell them that unseen spirit is eternal truth and love, and is never wrong; while the advice of other people, the influences of *outside things*—things they can see, taste, smell, feel, or hear, *may* be wrong; and if they follow wrong influences the results are *always* painful sooner or later.

Tell them the reason outside influences may be wrong is this: That the truth spirit, or God, tells one child to do one thing and another child another entirely different thing, just according to the *nature* of the child and what will suit the child best in the long run. God tells each child how to act today that it may grow strong, wise, loving and *ready to do the great things the child wants to do when it grows up.*

As Tom *wants* to be one thing when he grows up, and Dick wants to be another, and Mary still another, the all-wise God-spirit may tell each child a different thing *now.* If Tom, Dick and Mary each

follows what God says in *his* heart or hers, they will all be *happy inside*, even though they can't have everything they can see, smell, taste, hear or feel.

But if Tom says, "Aw, come on—let's do it anyhow—I think it's all right even if Dick and Mary think it's wrong!"—if Tom says that and Dick and Mary listen to him and do what their own heart's voice says is wrong for them, then Dick and Mary will *surely* be sorry, even though Tom never is. What is right for Tom at a certain time may be wrong for Dick and Mary at the same time; though the same thing may be right for them at another time. A thing is "wrong" for anybody when it will bring unhappiness to him. Tom, Dick and Mary sometimes *think* a thing will bring happiness to them, and after they have done it they find it brings unhappiness. So Tom, Dick and Harry are apt to be mistaken when they choose according to the influences *outside* themselves.

And the ONLY guide that can keep them out of mischief and its unhappy consequences, and keep them going on the line of learning and action that will enable them to grow up into the splendid things they *want* to do when they are big.

If they keep listening to that little good feeling inside, acting upon its impulses, they will do always the things they'll be *glad* of afterward.

Tell the children that they are good from center to circumference, from top to toe; that happiness and growing up come from making good use of their good powers; that the spirit within each child makes that child "feel good" when he or she is doing well, and "feel bad" when he or she chooses wrong; and that if Dick just *remembers* to see whether

he *feels good inside* when Tom tries to get him to do something, he can always decide rightly whether he'd better do it or not. Tell him this is what Jesus meant when he said, "Judge not according to outward appearance" (according to what Tom, Dick or Harry, or what he himself thinks), "but judge righteous judgment" (according to that deep-down little *feel-good* inside of him).

Tell him, "the things that are seen are temporal" (temporary, changing, good for you at one time and bad another), "while the things that are not seen" (like the little *feel-good* inside him, that is really God's still small voice) *are eternal*"—always the same good, wise guide *that shows the way to all good and joy and to the splendid grown-up-ness he so eagerly desires.*

Tell the child God lives in and speaks in *every human being*, little or big, bad or good, just as he lives in and speaks in him; and that all the badness in the world comes from not knowing about and paying attention to this *feel-good* voice within.

Tell him the God within him, that makes him feel good when he is doing right, is the Spirit of All Love and All-Wisdom; that the fruits of this spirit are thoughts and deeds of love, joy, peace, patience, learning and kindness; that thoughts and doing of hate, unhappiness, violence, anger, jealousy, and all manner of badness are the results of not knowing about and paying attention to the voice of that good spirit within; or the results of *forgetting* about it after you do learn.

Tell the child that *nobody* means to be bad; people just don't know, or they forget, to listen to the good spirit within.

Tell him that Life is a great kindergarten school where we are *all*, little and big, good and bad, *learning* to listen to that love-voice within, and that by-and-by when more of us know about it we

shall all work happily together to make the world a beautiful and happy home for all people of every nation. Tell him years ago only a few people knew about this good spirit within, though Jesus taught it 2,000 years ago and others taught it thousands of years before that. It was taught, but people wouldn't listen! They were too busy fighting each other. But *now* we have schools, Sunday schools, papers and magazines and books, and *everybody* is hearing about the God-spirit that is within every one of us trying to make us all a big, happy, helpful family.

Tell him that it is hard sometimes for grown people to quit their old habits of fighting each other and stealing from each other and doing other unkind things; but that the children are learning the good truth, too, and they are growing up in the good new habit of thinking and doing kind, wise, helpful things; and that by and by all the old people who are *set* in the old-fashioned habit of cantankerous little-self-ishness will pass out of the world and the world will be possessed and made over by their sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters, who are growing up in the new thought of love and brotherhood and helpfulness. In this way the new heavens and the new earth shall appear, the earth shall blossom as the rose, and the lion and lamb shall lie down together in friendliness, and the lion shall eat grass like the ox.

Tell him, oh, yes, you think it may take a few hundred years yet, but that it will come to pass literally as well as figuratively. For animals take their cues from human beings; and when the Rockefeller lions and the child-labor and union-labor lambs learn to lie down in friendliness together—as they surely will or die off the earth—it won't take long for the real lions and lambs to catch the spirit of live-and-let-live, and do the

same thing. As to the lion's stomach not being fit for the digestion of anything but lambs, that is a mere nothing that Dame Nature can readily adjust. If Mother Nature isn't equal to the task, we'll call in these wonderful surgeons who like to amputate our outgrown appendixes. They can, perhaps, put the lions to sleep and cut out their lamb-appendixes. Then they'll take to grass and innocent gambols on the green. If not—they'll die, that's all. For *the spirit of love within us hath said it*—slaughter must go. This earth shall be one great beautiful heavenly home, and there shall be kindness everywhere, and no eating up each other. Our children are growing up in this new thought and they'll manage someway to bring it all to pass. Just wait and see. And while you are waiting see how much *you* can do by just listening to the God-voice within you, and being kind and doing your work just as well as you can.

Be sure to tell the children many times that this one great God-spirit that speaks in every human heart, child or grown-up, civilized or savage, *is just working to make everybody happy*. That is *all* it ever speaks in *your* heart for, or in mine, to tell us *what to think and do to find the happiness we want*. Remind the child that *he* is often sorry he did a thing and wishes he hadn't; this is because he can't always tell by looking at a thing whether it will make him happy or not; but the great spirit that is over us all and speaks in us all always knows; so if we listen for the little inner feel-good and obey it, we find real happiness *every time*.

And tell the child that even his mistakes are good, because *by their hurts* he is reminded next time to listen for that little voice within that makes him good when he is thinking or acting right.

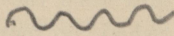
And tell him to never mind if he gets scolded sometimes when he *felt* he did

right; for nobody in the world is yet wise enough to keep from being unjust sometimes, and parents or teachers are liable to mistakes just as small boys and girls are; and they don't *mean* to be unjust or unkind, any more than the small boys and girls do—they just forget the God in the small boy and speak sharply; as the boy forgets the God in the parent or teacher and neglects to obey.

Tell the child that the five senses are the five gateways through which we receive knowledge of things and people; while the inner spirit is the God that tells us whether that knowledge is true or false and *what to do with it*, whether to act upon it or contrary to it.

The five senses may be deranged and bring false reports, but the spirit within is ever the same yesterday, today and forever. The five senses bring reports of changeable things, that today may be true and tomorrow untrue; while the spirit within is always THE TRUTH.

Tell him that, as the evidences of the five senses continually change and conflict, it sets up warring states *in the mind that depends upon them*. This causes disease and all manner of unhappiness. While *the mind that is stayed on the eternal spirit within can let outward things come and go, advance, retreat or fight as they please without being upset or worried by them*. Such a mind is at peace with itself, *happy* in itself, no matter what happens outside itself; and such a mind fills the body with its own peace, happiness and health, or wholeness. The mind that lives in the senses is continually changing as the senses change; while the mind that *stays with the spirit at the center* is on a solid rock from which it may watch the thoughts of the senses ever rolling in waves, perhaps raging in fury, but never disturbing the rocks where the spirit rests.

And from whence it may learn to rule the waves. The mind that is stayed on the God within can speak peace to the waves coming through the five senses, or it can ride the waves safely, as Jesus did before the sailors waked him to still the tempest. "God is my life" is literally true, and he whose thought dwells on God knows the wholeness of life; while he who rides up and down according to the testimony of his five senses leads a miserable *seasick* existence and wishes himself out of it. 

Oh, maybe I'm getting into a trifle too deep water for children. If I am they'll let me know it by *not being interested*.

When teaching children let lack of their interest be the signal for you to

change your tack and set sail for home waters—for the simple, everyday things everybody can understand and enjoy.

* * * * *

The most important thing to remember when teaching children is this:

Be honest. If you can answer a child's question do so, in the plainest words possible; if not say so. Remember that "Dignity is a peculiar carriage invented to cover up the defects of the mind"—from grown-ups, not children. Children see through dignity and other shams, and despise the pretender. A touch of honest ignorance makes teacher and child akin, and for finding out things two honest folks akin are better than any orthodox pedagogue.

Going into the Silence.

BY JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D.

Going into the silence is simply changing our state of consciousness; it is just letting go of one state of being, and passing into and functioning normally in another condition of consciousness.

To go into the silence is to withdraw from the diverse currents of the common mind and pass into connection with the stillness of the supra-conscious mind.

In the beginning the student needs to be alone; he should have a time and place in which to begin his exercises; the first thing is to take a comfortable position either sitting, standing, or lying down, as best pleases himself; he should then choose the attribute which he wishes to develop and take from ten to fifteen minutes to meditate on it; he should think of it in all its details; just what possession would mean to him; he should form the mental attitude of interior possession; if the object of health is chosen, he should see himself just as he would be; no matter what is chosen he should always see the perfect interior

expression of it; he should never build anything but a perfect image; and feel that it is capable of being materialized by him.

The next step:—Begin the inbreathing of long deep breaths and at every breath he should feel and know that he was really drawing to himself, from an inexhaustible supply, everything he desires, and he really is, for every material, as well as every spiritual thing exists primarily as force in the universal energy, and is capable of being attracted into especially developed auras, and there lifted aloft in form.

After the student has meditated and established a rhythmical breathing, he should feel that it is finished, and then proceed to pass himself into the great creative silence where the thing he creates can become vitalized with an indestructible energy. Many teachers never tell of any higher plane than the one of thinking and affirmation. Thinking and affirmation are paths to power,

but they are the paths by which those go who have not yet found the doorway of absolute expression.

The last step is to withdraw the mind from the external world; to relax and live in the full consciousness of power, and this is accomplished by assuming a *listening* attitude. Get quiet—quiet—and still more quiet,—listen,—listen—this is the way to the center of being; listen—listen—listen; so deep that you can hear your own heart beat; when you can hear the beating, or even feel fully the vibrations of your blood pulsing through your heart, you have come close into the universal rhythm and are awake in the supra-consciousness of your own mind; and you are ready to make the great creative cosmic union.

In this atmosphere we create by just the act of recognition; we *know* that we are; this is not thought force, it is revelation. We retain this consciousness of infinite union until every fiber of ourselves passes from the state of "becoming," into "being;" then we have finished our silence for that time, and can return and take up the common consciousness of our daily life, and we find ourselves strong, vital, vibrant, with a new power which we secured in this new state of spiritual chemicalization.

The next step in the development of the student is to teach himself to daily *abide* in this knowledge of his own power; he does this by just knowing that it is within him and recognizing his ability to find it. When he has established his perfect recognition, it does not then matter where he is, on the car, in a crowd, surrounded by confusion, anything, he simply then and there assumes the mental attitude of listening and he instantly can pass into this interior union.

Some lives seem to take a long time to develop this point of understanding; but

it is not really a hard nor a wearisome task to find the center of being within us; the perfect rhythm of the breath should be established during the meditation moments, so that when one goes into the deeper consciousness the breath may take care of itself; it will be useless to attempt to awaken the supra-mind if the breathing is tense or demands attention or control; the physical breath is only the expression of divine atmosphere, and once the physical rhythm is established, no more attention need be given to it; breath in the higher state is simply life. It is only the natural soft, deep passing out and in of the physical breath, done first consciously and for a definite purpose, then relinquished and carried on by natural relationship.

It is not a strange, mysterious, metaphysical thing, this going into the silence, but a sane, scientific, tangible truth, which anyone who cares to know may demonstrate for himself, and the inevitable outcome of it is perfect development, is wholeness.

Just a moment of powerful meditation; just a moment of stillness deep as life itself; just a moment of consciousness of infinite union, and our human mind becomes the perfectly adjusted, wireless instrument which registers the cosmic intelligence and secures its messages.

Remember, only a meditation so full of force that it is alive; then a stillness so intense that you touch the cosmic heart; then supra-conscious recognition of your one-ness; an inbreathing of cosmic energy, and your being is flooded with a power divine.

"There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves."
—R. L. Stevenson.

How to Establish Health and Harmony

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

It is an obvious fact that any abnormal condition, any inharmonious condition must be the result of an error.

There is no inharmony in the multiplication table.

A machine constructed in exact accord with the principles of mechanism will work smoothly.

So when the human body shows forth disease — dis-ease — or inharmony, it shows that the mind, after which the body is fashioned, has been dwelling on thoughts of error. In other words, has been making a mistake, entertaining mistaken beliefs.

The existence of any kind of disease is absolute proof that the mind is not in strict harmony with Truth or the Principle of Life. Think it over a few minutes and see if it is not so.

Even accidents are due to predisposing mental causes by which the individual attracts the conditions which render the accident possible.

How shall we avoid mistakes? By ever being responsive to the impulses which Nature, or Truth, has implanted in us, and which are only crowded out when we get in a mental rut and pound away at some particular line of thought under the impression that we know it all.

We don't know it all, and if Truth is to be established within us and find expression in our lives, it may be necessary for us to double right back on our own course.

Most people do not care to know the Truth. *They only want to know that which falls in with their pre-conceived notions of how things ought to be.* They want the universe to run as they think it ought to run. And sometimes the universe won't do this. Under such cir-

cumstances the wise man will just settle back on his oars and observe awhile until he gets a little insight *into the true principle of the thing.*

This insight will come if you really *desire it.* But fix your thoughts on that which you desire and not on your aches, pains and the faults of your family and the neighbors.

Netop Notes.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

So many of our *Nautilus* friends have inquired about Netop, and expressed their interest in what I wrote last month on the subject, that I venture a little further details this month.

Our pleasant, warm March weather gave place to a cold and cloudy "spell" for April, so we couldn't go ahead very rapidly with our Netop garden. Everything was backward.

Then suddenly, near the end of April, we had a few warm days and everything burst forth as if spring had been bottled up as long as she could stand it, and the creative leaven must now express itself in leaf and blade.

The cool weather helped the grass to thicken up, and our lawn here at home looks much nicer than it did last year.

The first gardening we did at Netop was to reset some of our Burbank Ever-bearing Crimson Rhubarb; which was too thick for its own good health.

Then last Saturday afternoon Elizabeth and I went out to Netop and took our supper along. I planted some early peas and Elizabeth set out a woodbine, an ampelopsis, some golden glow, a peony and sundry other things.

Then she decided that the trees, or bushes, in front of the cabin were too

thick, and started in with the axe to thin them out.

When I came up from the garden she had some of the bushes laid out flat on the ground and was cutting the tops off. At every stroke the axe penetrated the earth about half an inch. I told her it was evident she was brought up in the city, as she had so little respect for the keen edge of my axe. I reminded her of Emerson, who was so little of a practical agriculturist that when he started in to spade his garden his small son shouted, "Look out, papa, you'll dig your leg!"

This week I have extended the garden a little on one side, by the addition of a few wheelbarrow loads of earth, and by spading up a grassy bank. On this additional land I have sown three rows of early beets. A little later in the season we shall plant corn, pole beans, wax beans and other vegetables.

There is a large herd of deer (numbering a dozen or so) roaming about in the vicinity of Netop. Mr. Byron Smith told me the other day that he saw one in his pasture just across the road from our cabin, and also that he saw their tracks by the brook, up above the railway.

We are going to take what precaution we can to keep them from breakfasting off our garden. As the railway is on one side of our land, and the highway on two sides, we think there is little danger of the deer coming around, but we are contemplating a small, wooden, home-made windmill such as we used to use up in New Hampshire for keeping the crows out of the cornfield.

By tying colored rags to the arms of the windmill, and possibly by attaching small bells, we can make it quite awe-inspiring to the innocent and uninjured deer.

Then the windmill will serve another purpose, we hope, and that is to frighten away the woodchucks until the garden

sass gets a start. We are also going to construct a scarecrow, of the orthodox type, for the benefit of the chucks.

An old woodchuck is a canny fellow, and becomes accustomed to almost anything in time. I was reading an article in *Country Life* recently which said the only way to exterminate a seasoned old woodchuck was by the use of simon pure dachshunds. These little short-legged pups work in pairs, and burrow right into Mr. Woodchuck's hole. One dachshund lies on his back and digs and the other keeps watch outside, for the woodchuck always has two outlets to his burrow. If the dog who is doing the digging gets tired, the other relieves him. They never quit until they get the chuck. Sometimes they stay underground for hours.

However, we don't care to do more than frighten the chucks away, and we are not going to invest a \$100 or so in stubby-legged little pups for the sake of one or two old woodchucks.

One afternoon of this week I went out alone, and Elizabeth failed to come when I expected her. Being in doubt as to whether she might not come on the next car, I waited at the cabin until nearly dark. And such a chorus as I enjoyed for the last half hour. The pewees and several other birds started up their evening songs, the frogs peeped, and a specially fat robin perched on a low limb near the foot of the garden and nearly split his throat with song.

I surmised that he might be giving thanks for such a nice, wormy garden, all freshly spaded and near at hand.

We have had some of our back lawn spaded up here at home, and intend to raise a few vegetables on it. Have already put in peas, bush beans, onions, lettuce and radishes.

"Lying rides upon debt's back."

—Ben Franklin.

Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * Baba Bharati, editor of *Light of India*, says that the Americans and English are only thinly veneered with civilization, which indeed may be true enough, but nothing to our discredit. The fact that India has for so long been a dependent nation, ruled by aliens, is no doubt partly due to the fact that she has become emasculated by age. If we look back over the history of the world, we find it is the people just emerging from barbarism who conquer and rule the world. The Anglo-Saxons were little better than barbarians a few centuries back. Now they exert a greater influence upon world affairs than any other people. The Japanese are today probably the most powerful nation on the globe, considering their size. Just look at the unbounded vigor and strength displayed in their recent war with Russia. And yet it is only a few decades since the Japanese emerged from semi-barbarism.

* * * The truth is that civilization is somewhat like a two-edged sword. Heretofore it has nearly always led to abnormal developments which destroyed national life. There are symptoms in America that the tide is going to turn away from the dangers of civilization before it is too late. There are signs which point strongly to the fact that we shall soon be seeking a more normal, natural and simple life in place of the high-pressure excuse for a life which so many Americans are now leading.

* * * I have an interesting letter from an educated and responsible East Indian concerning the condition of affairs among the natives in his country. He says in part: "The average working person (in India) gets $2\frac{1}{2}$ annas (5 cents) per day. The working hours are from 9

a. m. to 6 p. m. A laborer in a mill usually gets 3 annas (6 cents) to 4 annas (8 cents) per day. During famine a laborer gets $1\frac{1}{2}$ annas (3 cents) per day. A blacksmith, a carpenter or a mason gets 8 to 10 annas (16 to 20 cents) per day. The great mass of poor people in India have nothing to depend upon for their livelihood except agriculture, and working as hired laborers. All the native industries and manufacturing have been practically ruined by the British rulers. The mechanics, the artists, the traders, etc., find themselves quite unable to compete with the English. The rulers (English) never patronize the manufacturing classes, but are always trying their best to ruin them. Millions of people do not get sufficient food for even one meal a day. The best authorities consider the average income of a native to be 21 rupees per year. One rupee is equal to 32 cents."

* * * After making all due allowance for the difference in conditions, and cost and manner of living in the United States and India, we still wonder, in the light of the above dispassionate, plain, unvarnished facts, how the majority of the natives of India manage to keep soul and body together. They could not do it except for the fact that the *inner life* of the *East Indian* is a deep, unfathomable ocean of calmness, fortitude and peace, compared with the inner consciousness of the rushing, tearing, sweating, money-getting American. And I would not be surprised if the East Indian were really the happier of the two, even with all his handicaps.

* * * From a very interesting article on "History of the Druids," in *Notes and Queries*, (of Manchester, N. H.), I gain the following:

We are indebted to the Druids, who were the priests of the ancient Britons

(and who it is claimed date back more than 10,000 years to the very birth of the European races) for the words of God and humanity. God was a Druid word meaning good. Hu was the Druid name for Apollo, son of God, and stood for humanity. It must have been from the ancient Druids that the British Empire adopted the colors, red, white and blue, for the Union Jack, which colors were later adopted for our own Stars and Stripes. Among the Druids white was used as a symbol of God; blue as an emblem of the Queen of Heaven or Consort of God; red as the emblem of their son or messenger, Hu or Apollo. One of the Druidic emblems of "the Queen of Heaven and Mother of Marriage and Chastity" was a ring. Hence presumably came our custom of presenting a ring at marriage. It is a significant fact that in most of the Druid characters and symbols both male and female were represented, each apparently being deemed of equal importance.

* * * We have many kinds of wild flowers and plants at Netop. Just now the arbutus, hepatica, anemone, bloodroot and wake robins are in bloom. The bloodroot has a beautiful white flower, with a large green leaf, a delicate, orange colored stem that "bleeds" if broken off above the root, and it will keep well in water for quite a while after it is picked.

* * * Up in Canada there are six thousand Doukhobor farmers who live without eating meat. Since coming to Canada, five years ago, in abject poverty they have waxed fat and prosperous. The account at their last yearly meeting showed that they had purchased \$600,000 worth of goods, and repaid a loan of \$50,000. And yet there are those who say vegetarianism is all right for people who do not engage in physi-

cal labor, but that those who work must eat meat.

* * * I guess Mrs. Eddy is alive and kicking all right enough. According to Sibyl Wilbur, who is writing "The Real Mrs. Eddy" for *Human Life*, Mrs. Eddy does not allow *McClure's Magazine* to be brought into her home. Now isn't that quite like a live, flesh and blood woman?

* * * Recent magazine articles, which are worth reading: "Jamestown and What Happened There," *Collier's* for April 27. "Following the Color Line," *May American*. "Chicago As Seen By Herself," *May McClure's*.

The Word.

God is writing Love in the forest,
And the birds have learned the word;
They are warbling it in the sweetest way
That mortal man e'er heard.

Come, learn the word, embittered heart,
Away from pain and care;
The wildwood's teeming with His Love,
'Tis written everywhere.

The odor of arbutus
Has allured the vagrant bees;
Can you not find illumined Love
In beds of bloom like these?

The orchard wild is a page of Love
(O, could we see aright!)
Blest be the soul that studies it
Here in the Master's sight.

Come, weary slaves to the lust of gain,
Away from haste and strife!
Come, know the truth from God's own Book
And live, one day, a life.

—Minnie E. Hays.

"It is my own deed which molds my character. If I send out hatred, if I retaliate, judge, condemn, or yield to another's dominating spell, then I consciously take part in the fray, and must suffer the consequences."

—Horatio Dresser.

New Thought in Buffalo.

BY FLORENCE NEWHOUSE FOX.

About twelve years ago there met in Buffalo, N. Y., a little coterie of half a dozen earnest thinkers for the purpose of investigating unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

They called themselves the "Theosophical Society," and their idea, founded on the old Vedam philosophy, was to get away from orthodox lines. From these oldest of the Hindoo books they gleaned their first inspiration of the "God within"—those wonderful powers inherent in man.

This was the beginning of new thought in Buffalo.

But at this age of dollar getting, when *main force* is considered the legitimate method for getting money, few stopped to bother with the

sixteen to sixty active members within a period of eight months.

At the old homestead of the Sheldon's, 1094 Main street, the International Progressive Thought League, holds its meetings every Tuesday evening. It was at this old homestead that Judge Sheldon, away back in the sixties, equipped one of Buffalo's crack regiments for war,—to fight for freedom of enslaved humanity, and here it is that his daughter Grace still carries on the good work, herself helping to equip many a soldier upon life's highway to fight for freedom from mental slavery.

Here the old home, built in the days when houses were put together with dowels, has stood for a hundred years watching the growth

**St. Paul's
Episcopal
Church,
Fort Erie,
Ontario,
Facing
Niagara River.
With an
up-to-date
membership
and pastor.**



study of vague possibilities, and the idea of working along lines of least resistance, was scoffed at. Theosophy grew but slowly. At the present time they number thirty or thirty-five.

Every Sunday afternoon these sincere votaries meet at the Law Exchange Library, 52 Niagara street.

Rev. G. R. Leash conducts the Sunday readings and Dr. T. C. Barnard the study class.

Although one of the largest and most progressive cities in this country, 'twas not until the past year that Buffalo swung into line in the march of advanced thought.

On January 16, 1906, the International Progressive Thought League, with sixteen charter members was organized, and has grown from

of a great city as it crept past its doors, and here the International Progressive Thought League, with Grace Carew Sheldon and Elizabeth Marney Connor, as co-founders, first pulsated with life.

Many are the interesting talks, many the entertaining papers read here by such well-known thinkers as Mrs. Margaretta Bothwell; Dr. G. H. Moulton, president of the American Psychic Association, Frank M. Wilson, Mrs. Forrest J. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Knoblock; J. Harrison Mills, and others.

New Thought in all its variations is taken up in diet, in dress, in breathing, in living and thinking.

Some of the talks have been highly instructive and uplifting. Frank M. Wilson's paper

on "Mother, an Architect and Builder," and "Woman's Forces" set forth clearly the important part women must play in the world's work.

Mrs. Margaretta Bothwell came all the way from Gotham to talk to the league about health. "Why not be well?" And she told

how right thinking could bring about the happy condition of absolute health.

Dr. Moulton's lecture on "Life Universal and Individual Life" treated at length upon the power of mind.

One of the most interested visitors the league has had was Margaret B. Peek, author of "Zenith the Vestal,"



Miss Sheldon.

"Born of Flame," and other books.

In conjunction with its regular work it is the ambition of this League to open a character building institution for children. According to Miss Sheldon she has long been desirous of starting a school for children, for the formation of character, keeping in sight each child's proclivities; "not creed-bound but free in speech, action and belief;" all that is needed is an endowment for the enterprise from some one of those who have an abundance of this world's goods.

Another gathering place of "New Thinkers," although no regular organization has been formed there, is the home of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, 250 Niagara street. It is a little informal new thought center in itself. Its genial hostess never tires of expounding the unlimited possibilities of thought-force to those who have not fully imbibed this great truth; and it is safe to say that Mrs. Jennie Wilson's convincing arguments have won over many a convert to the new philosophy.

It is to be regretted that there are no new thought schools in Buffalo. A private day and boarding school, called the "Home School" on the Circle, is our nearest approach to such an institution. This school is under the management of Christian Scientists; the studies taken up are the same as those taught in public schools in addition to piano, vocal and art.

Mrs. Andrew B. Brown is the principal; Miss Lavina Evans, assistant, and as both of these la-

dies are followers of Mrs. Eddy it may be supposed that a deal of the Christian Science principles are infused into its daily lessons, and that the pupils are taught the value of thought-force and forceful thinking.

There are about seventy pupils in all, eighteen or twenty of whom are boarders. The classes are small, numbering ten or twelve to a class, so that each class receives considerable individual attention.

Some one has said that Mrs. Eddy was the first "new thought" to blaze the trail. Whether this be absolutely true or not, it cannot be gainsaid that women are taking the initiative in this great work at the present time. And why not? It is conceded that women are more highly sensitive and more intuitive than men; therefore, they grasp more quickly the fundamental principles upon which this wave of new thought is based—psychic laws.

It has been the same with Christian Science in Buffalo. From a few investigators, mostly women, in a room on North street, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, has grown to its splendid edifice on Jersey street with an attendance of between five and six hundred men and women, and one hundred and seventy-five children in the Sunday School.

Mr. Holcomb and Mrs. Trow are its present readers; and as they are elected every year, the fact that Mr. Holcomb is serving his third year, and Mrs. Trow her second, speaks well

for the satisfactory manner in which they have filled their offices.

The First Church' reading rooms, in the German Insurance Building, average a thousand callers a month, most of whom are investigating Christian Science.

When asked what especial work they are taking up, Mr. Holcomb said:

"We are trying to help people by teaching them to help themselves."

The Second Church of Christ, Scientist, holds its meetings in the beautiful auditorium of the Twentieth Century Club, on Delaware avenue, a younger sister to the First Church, with a membership of one hundred and fifty and a Sunday School attendance of sixty children.



Frank Wilson.

Dr. Van Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Blanchard are the readers; Mrs. Dayton, the superintendent, and J. R. Weld, chairman of the board of trustees. A cosy reading room is maintained in the Ellicott Square Building, where a monthly attendance reaches three hundred.

There are other societies working along so-called "New Thought" lines—"One Kindness Club" and its satellites; "Golden Glow" and "Sunshine," with such worthy workers as Mrs. Dr. Manspberger; Miss Anna Cuishane, and others equally earnest as leaders. "One kindness each day" is what every member is pledged to.

But it is not to Buffalo alone that advanced thought is confined along the Niagara frontier. It has leaped the river and found votaries in a little village on the opposite side of the stream.

Fort Erie, although on British soil, is separated from Buffalo only by a river a few hundred feet wide. Its inhabitants far outnumbered those of Buffalo when the War of 1812 thundered defiance across the limpid waters.

Here was the scene of the most brilliant event of the war, and the grim, gray walls of the ruined fort still stand, marking the forgotten spot where hundreds of our American soldiers lie buried, forty in a trench.

The little village of 1,100 inhabitants has been left behind in the race of commerce, but upon a knoll overlooking the Niagara river stands St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the home of New Thought in Fort Erie.

Rev. A. Cameron McIntosh, strongly advocates new thought work in church and Sunday School; his sermons are tinged with it, and his staff of teachers—Miss Seaton, Miss Montillon, Miss Curtis, and Miss Riseley, who have the spiritual training of eighty children, infuse their lessons with the essence of noble, happy, generous thinking, as the first stepping stones to noble, happy, generous living.

These advanced ideas are making the church very popular. The increase in attendance has been especially noteworthy, which is only one more proof that people want progress even in the pulpit.

The purpose of Mr. McIntosh is to bring into actual practice Christ's examples.

"We are what we think, not what we think we are." So like most new thoughts, we find that they date back many centuries; for what is "new thought" but a new interpretation put upon old thoughts! Our wonderful new psychological discoveries were practiced by the greatest psychic of any time or any known age more than nineteen hundred years ago.

It is simply the first step in the development and understanding of psychic laws which Hudson explained in his writings; it is the evolution of human intellect; we are beginning, as in a body, to understand some old, natural laws that seem new, so recently have they been made plain to our comprehension.

Mothers' Counsel

Edited by

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

Nautilus Mothers, Fathers and School Ma'ams are cordially invited to consult our Rose on any knotty problem connected with the training of children and parents—and teachers. She isn't exactly omniscient, but she is on the road, with experience and mamma helping. And she is glad to help and be helped. Address letters to Rose, care The Nautilus, and be careful to put no other communications in the same envelope. Replies to your letters, and a few of the letters will appear in this department.—E. T.

The Mother's Opportunities.

"Oh, dear," sighed young Mrs. Gray, as she put away the magazine which she has been reading, "it's just discouraging! We mothers are expected to know everything and do everything and be just perfect. It sometimes seems to me it's more than I can stand."

Mrs. McDonald smiled sympathetically. "It does seem overwhelming at times, doesn't it? But there is another way of looking at it. All of these demands are in reality opportunities, and the woman who is striving to become the best mother probably stands a better chance of perfecting her own character than any one else in the whole world."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Gray, doubtfully, "but—"

"'But me no but's,' my dear,—it is so. The grand purpose of every human life is development of character. Some people are so situated that they have very few opportunities for this development; but every mother who lives her life to the best of her ability, is advancing into the highest development at a marvelous rate of speed. She doesn't have to ask herself what she can do to make herself advance. She knows, if she but grasps the opportunities of everyday life, she need ask for no other help."

"There certainly is no let-up," said Mrs. Gray.

"That's the beauty of it," broke in Mrs. McDonald.

Mrs. Gray continued, oblivious to the interruption. "Of course, during the nine months before Robbie was born, I tried to be very careful about what I ate, and what I read and even what I looked at. Mother told me I mustn't get over-tired and must be careful not to let myself get frightened, or excited in any way, and it seemed to me I was just living in a straight jacket all of the time. Not that I minded, you know, I was so happy at the

thought of having a baby of my own. But I had to give up so many things that I had been used to—parties and theater-going and late suppers, and all that sort of a thing. Every one was perfectly lovely to me, and I was just as happy as I could be all the time, but I kept saying to myself, 'Never mind, I'll have a good time when I'm well again,—but just see how it is. I am nursing Robbie, and the doctor says I must be very careful of my diet and mustn't get overheated, or exhausted, or excited—and I have to keep on living just as quietly as I did before. Of course, I can see how my diet might affect the baby,—but do tell me, Mrs. McDonald, why do I have to be so careful in these other ways?'

"It's a wonderful thing," mused Mrs. McDonald, "how every thought and act leaves its impress, isn't it? You have been studying the new thought, and have learned that mental states affect bodily conditions. Now, as a nursing mother you have the most startling proof of the truth of that statement. Have you ever nursed Robbie just after a mental upsetment?"

"Yes, I did once. My cousin Martha came to see me one day,—she always does irritate me so, and I got so angry that I could hardly contain myself. I nursed Robbie just as soon as she had gone, and he was terribly sick that night. I didn't know what was the reason, and mother didn't seem to know either,—but then, I didn't tell her about my being so angry. Do you think that had anything to do with it?"

"I am very sure it had, my dear; such occurrences have been too frequent not to have been noted by physicians. There are cases on record of babies who have died because they were nursed just after their mothers had given away to a fit of anger."

"My! I didn't know it was as dangerous as that."

"There was a time when we simply knew the fact that anger in a mother often caused trouble for the child. Of late years, we have learned the scientific explanation. Have you ever heard of Prof. Elmer Gates and his wonderful laboratory at Washington, D. C.? He has made some marvellous discoveries, but among the most startling are those concerning the effect of various emotions upon the secretions of the body.

"He discovered that different emotions caused the production of different substances, which had a definite effect upon the secretions of the body. For instance, if a man was angered, Professor Gates would find a certain poison

in his perspiration, which he could recognize by the use of certain chemical re-agents. Now, you see, if this poison would show itself in perspiration, there is no question but what it would be found in such a secretion as the mother's milk. In other words, when you got angry at your cousin, you caused a poison to be produced, and your baby imbibed that poison when he took his milk. Could you ask for a more wonderful confirmation of our belief that 'thoughts are things?'"

"That certainly is wonderful," murmured Mrs. Gray in an awestruck voice. "I am so glad you have told me. And are other emotions as dangerous as anger?"

"All of the malevolent emotions are harmful to a greater or less degree. Fear is another one, whose effects are readily discernible. You can feel those effects so plainly in yourself that you know they must have some influence upon your milk. The results may not always be so apparent, but we know that anxiety and irritability and worry must all have their deleterious consequences."

"Can't I even worry without harming Robbie? How can I help worrying? For instance, the other day, I went down town to do a little necessary shopping. Of course, I expected to be back in three hours to nurse Robbie, but there was a block on the car line and I was half an hour late in getting home. I worried so, it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it. I imagined Robbie crying himself black in the face, and mother so upset she wouldn't know what to do—it seemed to me I must just get out and push the cars along. I can't help worrying about Robbie."

"How did you feel when you got home?"

"Oh, I was just all used up, just limp, you know. It seems Robbie had taken an unusually long nap and had only been crying for about ten minutes when I got in."

"Do you think your worrying did Robbie very much good?"

"Why, no, I don't suppose it did him any good, but how could I help it?"

"Well, in the first place, my dear, I would provide for such a possible emergency before leaving home. I would fix a bottle with eight ounces of boiled water together with a teaspoonful or so of sugar or milk in it. This can be placed where it may be kept warm, or may be heated by being placed in the hot water when Robbie wakes. If he seems to want his dinner, let him have this bottle to nurse. He will enjoy the sweetness and the warmth, and, having his stomach full, will in all probability feel as contented as if he had had a full meal.

"Knowing that Robbie is thus provided for, you will not be so tempted to worry; but if you are inclined to the worry habit, now is the time for you to break yourself of it. In the first place, of what use is it to worry?"

"Why, no use, I suppose," said Mrs. Gray.

"Exactly. It does nobody any good and several people harm. You would consider it worth while, then, to overcome the habit?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, "I suppose so; but it seems to me it is an awful difficult habit to overcome."

"You are quite right, my dear; it is hard to overcome. It is such an insidious thing. It creeps into our lives generally under the disguise of thoughtfulness for others. The best way to cure it is—just to stop. When you find yourself saying, over and over again, 'Oh, dear, I'm so afraid that Robbie will cry for me,' bring yourself to a halt. There is no need for you to give yourself up to the feeling that seems to have possession of you. Change your words. Say, 'Robbie will get along all right. A half hour's delay won't hurt him; and as for me, this is an opportunity for me to learn patience.' Of course, saying this once won't cure you of the habit. In two minutes you will have forgotten your good intentions and will have begun your worrying again; but every time you become conscious of worry thoughts in your mind, set yourself to work to drive them out with their opposite.

"Another reason why it is so hard for us to break ourselves of the habit of worrying, is because we have given ourselves up to it so completely. We have grown up with the idea that it is impossible to change our feelings. We say, 'I can't help it, I feel that way'; but the New Thought teaches us that we *can* help it, because we can change our feelings.

"This is one of the most important lessons that the mother should learn early in her maternal career. While her babies are little, her moods affect their physical life. When they are older, her mental attitudes threaten their spiritual welfare. A mother needs to learn above all things to be poised, cheerful, unruffled under all circumstances.

"It is a hard lesson, because it has to do with the little things of life. We can bear big disappointments. We can be cheerful under the heavy trial. But the little daily annoyances generally prove too much for us. That is where the mother comes out ahead. She has so many opportunities for rising above these little disturbances, that, if she only half tries, she reaps

so great a reward in the way of sweetness of character that mothers are idealized the world over."

"Do you suppose I can ever be all a mother ought to be to Robbie?" asked Mrs. Gray, appealingly.

"I am sure you will, my dear. You have the first great requisite, the desire to be, and I know you are willing to put much time and effort into that overcoming of self, which is the great fundamental.

"Let me give you a motto, which will, I am sure, be of a great help to you, as the years go by. When little things come up to disturb you, say to yourself: 'None of these things move me.' That is to be our ideal. We never can hope to reach in this life a place where there will no longer be petty annoyances, but with this for our watchword, we rise above them to that place where they become simply opportunities for victory over self. I know of no better motto for every mother in the land than this one, 'None of these things move me.'"

"How can I teach my little girl of eight to persevere at her school work?"—Mrs. J. E. T.

Make her *want* to be persevering by telling her stories of children who were happier because they had learned to stick to a bit of work until it was finished. Tell her she has it all in her, and arouse a desire in her to show others that she possesses this ability. Give her tasks to do at home, increasingly long, and help her to keep at them until finished. Praise her for every slightest symptom of perseverance. If she doesn't show any symptoms, praise her anyway. It helps. Have patience and never give up faith in her.—R. W. C.

"My little girl has come to me with awful things the other school children have told her. I've tried to explain as best I can. What would you advise me to do?"

Get books on purity teaching, read them to yourself and see whether you've told your little girl enough and in the right way. Help her to see the beauty in all things and teach her that she does not need to listen to the talk of those who can't see the beauty of life. Make her understand that such people are crippled mentally—to be pitied and helped, but never to be listened to or followed. Guard your own thoughts and words, that you see only the true, the pure, the beautiful, and she will drink in the food from you.—R. W. C.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 71.

I view success as harmonious progress toward an ideal, whether that ideal be high or low.

The primitive man who, with only a stone hatchet and a fire, builds a canoe that carries him safely over the river, is just as successful as the man who, having all the facilities of modern science, builds an ocean greyhound.

Man being a social animal, his success in a great measure depends upon the treatment he exchanges with his fellows.

How to discover the fountain of kindness in all mankind is an inexhaustible science. In my opinion one of the most important subdivisions of this science is the tone of the voice.

Words appeal to the intellect only. Tones of the human voice speak to the heart.

In the dialect of some Indian tribes, a grunt has many different meanings, which are interpreted only by the tone of the grunt.

Words often convey impressions that the heart does not sanction, but the tone of voice in which they are spoken is understood by all.

Why, I have even made a vicious dog so ashamed of himself by handing him kind words in a soft tone of voice, that he nearly unjointed his tail in his attempts to wag an apology for his discourteous conduct.

Who is the man we always cross the street to avoid?

The man who diligently recounts his troubles in A minor.

Who is that hateful woman who is not on our calling list?

She who leads the conversation in high C, and serves up other people's faults with tabasco sauce.

Which lawyer do you choose to plead that case in court? The one with the soft tone of voice.

Which saleswoman do you prefer to have wait on you at the department store? The one with the soft tone of voice.

The man that everybody likes never lets his voice reach that high key that grates upon the nerves.

The woman that everybody loves has a soft tone of voice and wears the corners of her mouth curved upward.

How may I cultivate a soft tone of voice, did you say?

Oh! That's dead easy. Just hold persistently to the desire, "Create within me a clean heart."

When you get your heart filled with the right kind of feelings—well, you know the rest—"Out of the fullness of the heart," etc.—Ed. B. Warren, Pierce City, Idaho.

Letter No. 72.

Truth is the many named factor in all human development and when found needs no expositor as it explains itself.—W. McB.

Letter No. 73.

STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS in any given line, coupled with the thought "I shall succeed," make for success. This is my experience. First, if possible, find your niche in life. Look for the occupation you are fitted for, then, *stick to it* if the heavens fall.

If, from uncontrollable circumstances you are prevented from carrying out the scheme adapted to you, accept the *next best thing* with all the cheerfulness, amiability and tenacity of your makeup.

Remembering, that in the end money, fame and position do not hold the only place in what some count success. It is the untiring effort and the development of personal character on right lines, that will bring you all that success implies.—Mrs. Emma Parker, Lookout Mt., Tenn.

Success Letter No. 68 won the prize for May. Written by Ruth L. Powers, High School, Vermontville, Mich. This is the second prize winner in that town! Congratulations, Ruth. Where shall we send the two subscriptions to *The Nautilus*?—E. T.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the root odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

A. M.—Practise relaxation exercises before retiring at night, or after getting into bed. Eat little or nothing for the evening meal. Most dreams come from an overloaded stomach or worrying, or both. Delete both and be happy.

F. E. K.—There are various explanations for such occurrences. Read Thomson J. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" for the most acceptable one according to my mind. But whatever the source, *accept a good suggestion when it comes*. You are on the right track. Health, happiness and success are yours.

S. A. R.—You are "in the spiritual world now." The only "material" world there is all in your mind. Change your mind—"concentrate" on the statement, "*All is spirit*," until you realize it as truth. Things are hard only as you *think* them so! *Change your thought!*

A. Z.—You will find the meanings of numbers described and related in Mrs. L. Dow Balliett's book, "Success Through Vibration." Price \$1.00. William E. Towne can supply it. There is not room to enter into such expositions in *The Nautilus*.

J. T. O. ALASKA—What to do about lost mail? *First*, take great care to address every envelope *plainly and fully*, make your own enclosures, seal carefully and mail them yourself. *Second*, *raise Cain about it at the post office*, send tracer after every piece of mail that is not delivered, and delivered *on time*. Pester the life out of everybody in the post office, from the postmaster down to the janitor, until they all sit up and take notice that you are on earth, and mean to have your mail taken good care of and delivered promptly, going and coming. If this does not rectify things complain by letter to the postmaster general, and demand that an inspector be put on the case to run down the thief. Be sure you make a clear statement of exactly *what* letters are missing and what enclosures were contained therein. Hunt up the inspector of your district and state your case with blood in your eye. Write to the postmaster general some more. Report *every* case of carelessness at your post office, little or big. If you make row enough any postal clerk who *may* have been stealing your letters will quit it. Let the whole force know that the *next* time you won't bark;

you will bite, by way of marked money and the proper officers. *Publicity* is sovereign cure for all dishonesty and carelessness in office.

But I must tell you that I believe most cases of lost letters are not due to dishonest post office people, who are in the main as square a lot of folks as you will find anywhere. And in most cases of lost mail matter the post office folks handle it more carefully than do the people who send or receive it.

If they don't it is generally because the addressee gives his postman or postmaster to understand that he doesn't value *all* the mail that comes to him. "Oh, this is *nothing* but a *circular*—you might as well have thrown it away!"—has started the vibrations of carelessness in the handling of many a person's mail.

But in most cases mail is lost through careless addressing or through careless handling by people to whom it is delivered. If you let Tom, Dick and Harry receive your mail you must impress them that *every piece is valuable* and that they must put it into your hands *promptly* or you'll raise Cain. Otherwise it will be dropped on the table, mantel or anywhere else that comes handy, and somebody else will land stray pieces of it in a closet or the waste basket as "only a circular or something."

And in all *remember positively* that clerks, postmen and others are honest by nature, and that they are careful, too, with all important things. When you raise fuss enough to impress everybody with the *importance* of every scrap of your mail you won't lose one letter or package in 10,000—if they are properly wrapped and addressed. * * Their leading paper is the *New London (Ct.) Day*.

Jubilation!

Avoid worry,
Fear and flurry;
Stop repining,
Likewise whining;
No use crying,
Even sighing;
Just keeping smiling,
Care beguiling;
Vow you're healthy,
Wise and wealthy;
Affirmations;
Right vibrations;
Transformation!
Jubilation!!

—E. Louise Liddell

Dr. Talks Of Food.

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured, and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Beauty, Duty and Love.

This world is brimming with beauty,
For hearts that have eyes to see.
This world is brimming with duty
That ever speaks silently.
Beauty and duty when found,
Make of this earth holy ground.
Encircling, enfolding all beauty,
This world is brimming with love;
Transmuting, transfiguring duty
With radiance and light from above.
Beauty, Duty and Love!
Blest trio, with light from above!

—Sarah Martyn Wright.

Circle of

Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace to the world.
Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.
Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.
Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will you join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is, *The Cosmic Consciousness*.

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

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Key thought for daily meditation:—

If you are satisfied that you can't be satisfied with the world as it is, then shut your eyes to the world as it is.

And do not call it an "evil" world because you are not satisfied with it.

It is a good world, a beautiful world. It suits other people. Let them enjoy it. After awhile they will get tired of it also, and follow you, perhaps.

There is just one place of refuge when one is tired of the world as it is.

Go into the stillness.

Stay in the silence a long time.

Let the gentle spiritual winds of energy flee past you and eddy about you.

They are wonderful magicians.

They will build you new organs of sense—new eyes, much finer than the ones you have now, with which to see things in the silence; new ears that will hear things never yet told in the noise; "things impossible for man to utter."

Sit still—don't come out of the stillness yet—there are more things the holy, still breezes will do for you.

They will give you a new tongue, a silvery tongue; tipped with love; there is lots of love in the Silence—more than there is of noise in the Noise.

This new tongue will enable you to tell in the Silence and in the Noise—to all people—the things before "impossible to utter."

Thus you will become the medium through which more of the beauties of the Invisible shall become visible.

—ELIZABETH TOWNE.